

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

# NIGHTMARE

47364  
NO 7  
JUNE  
1972  
60c



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A SKYWALD PUBLICATION



THE SHOCKER OF  
THE YEAR...

**ALTAR  
OF  
BLOOD!**

SPECIAL:  
**HORROR  
CONTEST!**  
SEE PAGE 66





That guy at the left is none other than the late, great BORIS KARLOFF--as seen in the

# THE HAUNTED STRANGLER

Below, we re-create a scene from that movie, showing KARLOFF as the character whose tormented mind is as twisted as his physical body!



# NIGHTMARE

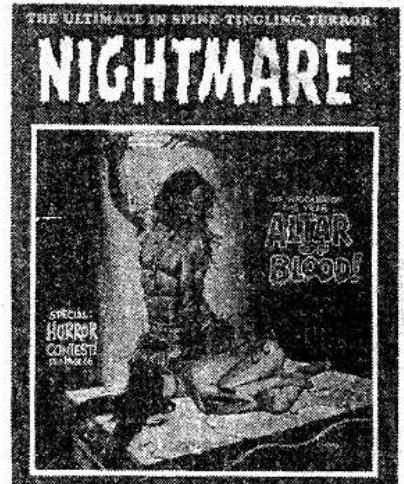
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A scene from  
**THE PENITENT**



DOWN A ROUGH-HEWN STONE PASSAGEWAY,  
TOOLED BY NATURE OR AN ARCHITECT  
LONG FORGOTTEN, WINDS A DIM LIGHT...

WHAT MANNER OF *CREATURE* DWELLS  
WITHIN THIS *ALTARED* RENT OF  
*IGNEOUS* ORIGINS?

# THE PENITENT!

I WAS  
*INNOCENT!* BUT  
THEIR DECREE WAS  
*GUILTY!*

*GUILTY!* THEY WERE  
THE PUPPETS OF AN  
*ARTICULATE TONGUE* AND  
A *TALENTED* LINE OF  
RHETORIC! WITH CLOUDED  
MINDS THEY WROUGHT  
MY *FATE!*

FERRAN SOSTRES



FAR WOULD  
I RATHER DIE BY MY  
OWN HAND, THAN FACE  
THE EXECUTIONER'S  
GRIN!

HUUNNNH!?!

TAYLOR...  
TAYLOR...?

THE  
TURNKEY!

NEKKRON...  
WAIT!

HA HA HA HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

SOON, AT THE MOUTH OF HIS  
ROCK BOUNDED CELL...

NEKKRON, HAS  
THE WISE ONE HEARD  
MY PLEASE? HAS HE  
REVIEWED MY CASE??

THEIR WORDS  
RING OF HOPE...THEY  
TELL HOW THE MASTER  
HAS LOOKED WITH  
FAVOR UPON YOUR  
CASE...

WITH BLURRED VISION, TAYLOR  
FOLLOWS THE WINGED MOUNT UNTIL  
ALL THAT REMAINS IS A STARK SHADOW  
ON THE DISTANT HORIZON!!

WHEN WILL  
I BE  
FREED?

HOW LONG IT  
HAS BEEN SINCE  
THAT WORD  
COURSED MY DREAMS  
TO STEADY A  
FALTERING  
SPIRIT!

I DO NOT KNOW!  
BUT, I HAVE HEARD  
WHISPERS OF THE  
DEMI-GODS!

...WHAT TRUTH THEIR  
HUSHED WORDS HOLD, I  
DO NOT KNOW! BUT  
THERE IS NO DOUBT:  
HOPE REMAINS!

...HOPE!



AS THE **TROUBLED**  
MIND CONTINUES TO  
GRASP AT  
**FLEETING** WORDS...

**FREEDOM!**  
AHHH, TO WALK  
AGAIN AMONGST  
MEN!



**FREEDOM!**  
...**HOPE**... BUT, I  
SHOULD NOT **TOY**  
WITH WORDS SUCH  
AS **THESE**...



...FOR THEY ARE  
OF A FINE AND  
**DELICATE** METTLE  
AND **EASILY**  
**PERISH!**



IN THIS **STRANGE** LAND OF  
**PERPETUAL DAY**,  
**WEARINESS** OFTEN COMES,  
**UNANNOUNCED**...

YAWN  
PERHAPS MY MIND  
WILL **FUNCTION**  
MORE CLEARLY  
**AFTER** I HAVE  
**RESTED!**  
YAWN



FOR TOO LONG  
HAS MY **FREEDOM**  
COME ONLY IN DREAMS....  
BUT, **SOON**....

YYYAAAAAWWWN!!!!



AS WEIGHTY LIDS DESCEND, THE MIND IS BORNE TO GREATER HEIGHTS... TO PLACES *FAR DISTANT* FROM THOSE OF YOUR *WAKING* HOURS !!



YOUR TIRED BRAIN IS DRAWN, AS IF BY A *POWERFUL SUCTION*, TO *HAPPIER* TIMES ... *FREER* TIMES !

UNTIL...



HUNNH ?

TAYLOR...  
TAYLOR!!!!

TAYLOR, THE  
HOUR OF YOUR  
*FREEDOM* IS AT  
HAND... ARE YOU  
*PREPARED*?

IT IS *HE*,  
THE *GREAT*  
ONE !!

YES, MASTER...  
YES !!

AS *BRITTLE* LIMBS PRESS TO THE STONE  
IN *SUPPLICATION*, A *BLINDING FORCE*  
IS *UNLEASHED*...

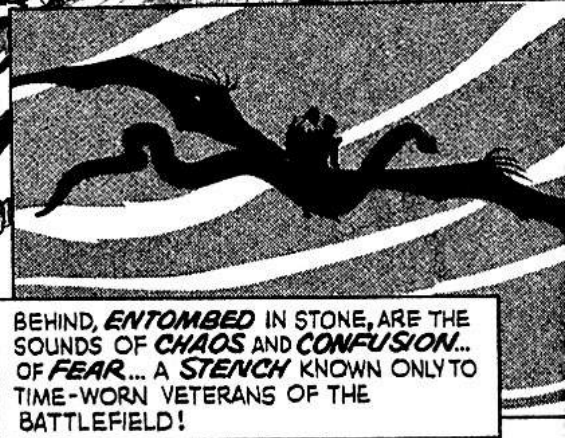


KNEEL, AND LOOK  
TO THE *GLOWING*  
DISC FOR YOUR  
*DELIVERANCE*!




NOOO MASTER!!!  
NNNNNOOOOOO

ONLY WITH THE  
DESTRUCTION  
OF THE  
PHYSICAL BODY...





**SUDDENLY...**

WHO'S DOIN'  
ALL THAT  
@m@m-2@S  
SCREAMIN'?!  


AWRIGHT,  
AWRIGHT! WHAT  
THE HELL IS GOIN'  
ON IN HERE?!

TAYLOR! TAYLOR!  
TAYLOR! SOMETHIN'S  
HAPPENED TO  
TAYLOR!

TRYIN' TO  
BEAT THE  
EXECUTIONER,  
AGAIN,  
TAYLOR?

TAYLOR! WHAT  
THE HELL ARE YOU  
UP TO ?

WARDEN  
LET YOU OFF  
EASY LAST  
TIME...

...THIS TIME  
I'M GONNA FIX  
YOU MYSELF!

...TRYIN' TO BURN  
YOUR MATTRESS  
AGAIN?!

STILL  
INNOCENT,  
HUH ?!

COME TO THE  
BARS, TAYLOR!

TAYLOR??!  
TAY...

AAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!

THE NAME *TAYLOR*, IS REGISTERED IN TOMES OF THE UNEXPLAINED...A MEMORY, DEEDED TO THE MINDS OF BOTH MEN AND GODS! HIS EXISTENCE...HIS INNOCENCE... HIS DELIVERANCE! THESE SHALL BE SPOKEN OF EVERMORE IN HUSHED WHISPERS!

THE END

THE NAME *TAYLOR* IS REGISTERED IN TOMES OF THE *UNEXPLAINED...A MEMORY*, DEEDED TO THE MINDS OF BOTH *MEN AND GODS!* HIS *EXISTENCE...HIS INNOCENCE... HIS DELIVERANCE!* THESE SHALL BE SPOKEN OF EVERMORE IN HUSHED WHISPERS!

THE END



A GROUP OF NEUROTICS, LOST IN THEIR PETTY PROBLEMS ARE SEQUESTERED IN A REMOTE MOUNTAIN RESORT FOR A WEEK SEARCHING, INSULTING AND THRUSTING, THEY OPEN THE EVIL AND BLOOD-LUST LOCKED IN THEIR SECRET SOULS...IN CHARGE OF THIS GROUP IS DR. BLAINE, A SHREWD AND CERTAIN MAN...SHREWD IN HIS METHODS, AND CERTAIN THEY WILL WORK!

ALL RIGHT,  
HARVEY...  
STOP IT!

THE THIRD DAY OF CONSTANT MIND-  
BENDING THERAPY, DR. BLAINE  
MAKES HIS PATIENTS SPEAK OUT  
AND BURIED HATREDS BOIL INTO  
VIOLENCE.

TONY IS A  
LOUSY DON JUAN!  
MAYBE THE  
LADIES LOVE HIM,  
BUT HE'S AN  
ANIMAL!

TONY'S  
PROBLEMS  
ARE **REAL!**  
AS REAL AS  
**YOURS!**

MEN LIKE TONY  
DESTROY WOMEN. I  
WASTED SIX YEARS ON  
A BUM LIKE HIM! I  
COULD KILL HIM!

LOOK AT IRIS...  
NOTHING GETS  
HER. SHE SAYS  
**NOTHING** WHILE  
WE SPILL OUR  
GUTS!

YOU WILL  
ALL GET WELL.  
IF YOU LEARN  
TO **VERBALIZE**  
YOUR  
HATREDS!

GET SOME  
SLEEP. WE'LL  
TRY AGAIN IN  
THE  
MORNING.

I HOPE YOU'RE  
RIGHT, DOCTOR! I  
DON'T THINK  
TONY WANTS TO GO  
THROUGH TOO  
MANY MORE  
SESSIONS!

# GROUP JEOPARDY



HE RETURNS TO THE NIGHT...





KAREN, LEON, AND HARVEY ARE DEAD!

EVERY  
BONE IN HER  
BODY IS  
BROKEN!

I CAN'T  
FIGURE IT! THE  
KILLER CAN'T BE  
ONE OF MY  
PATIENTS!



WORKING ON A HUNCH, THE  
SHERIFF MAKES A CALL...

THIS IS  
DR. COXE...  
FITNESS  
EXPERT!

I'VE DONE POLICE  
WORK...THE AUTOPSIES  
SHOW YOUR PATIENTS  
WERE KILLED IN A "BEAR  
HUG". ALL THEIR VITAL  
ORGANS WERE PIERCED  
BY SHATTERED  
SPINE FRAGMENTS

THERE'S MUSCLE TESTING...



THE  
MURDERER  
MUST HAVE  
GREAT STRENGTH!



AND MUSCLE  
TONE...



AND TESTS WITH GYM EQUIPMENT!



I PLAYED  
THESE TAPES  
OVER AND  
OVER--  
NOTHING!

PHYSICALLY THERE'S  
NO HERCULES AMONG  
THE SUSPECTS IF THE  
KILLER WERE **FRENZIED**  
ENOUGH...

ONE OF  
YOUR PEOPLE'S  
A VICIOUS  
FIEND!



DR. BLAINE HAS A **BRAINSTORM...**

AN ORDINARY MORTAL IN GREAT FURY--HE TURNS INTO A MADMAN--IS IT, TONY?

I KNOW THEIR **FEARS** IF I WHIP UP THOSE TERRORS---

IT COULD BE TEMPORARY INSANITY--**SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!**

OUR **KILLER** WILL CRACK!

THERE IS ONE LAST CHANCE TO CATCH THE MAD KILLER.

WE'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT.

IF IT HAPPENS, DOC, IT'LL BE FAST! YELL OR YOU'LL BE CRUSHED LIKE AN EGG!

OK...OK, BRING THEM HERE, ONE AT A TIME!

WHEN YOU WERE EIGHT YEARS OLD, YOU BURNED THE BARN AND YOUR KID BROTHER WAS TRAPPED! YOU'RE AFRAID YOU'LL KILL AGAIN!

POOR LITTLE ORPHAN LINDA--NOBODY LOVES HER! SHE'LL STEAL... SHE'LL SHOPLIFT, SHE'LL DRINK, SHE'LL EMBEZZLE--GRAB, GRAB, LINDA!

WHEN WILL YOU STOP BEING MOMMA'S BOY, MIKE? FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD AND PHONES MOMMY SIX TIMES A DAY EVEN FROM HERE! YOU CAN'T KILL HER--AND YOU'D LIKE TO--DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME INSTEAD?



LITTLE IRIS, THE NEXT PATIENT OF  
DR. BLAINE...

PL-EASE  
...DR.  
BLAINE!

IF YOU WEREN'T  
RICH, YOU COULDN'T  
HOLD ANY KIND OF A  
JOB. YOU DISTRUST  
EVERONE...GERMS  
ARE A THREAT--

YOU ARE  
REALLY WITHDRAWN...  
CAN'T COPE WITH  
YOUR PROBLEMS! YOU  
HATE YOURSELF!  
YOU THINK NO MAN  
WILL LOVE YOU!

STOP,  
OH  
STOP!

THE MEN IN OUR  
GROUP-- IS THERE  
ONE YOU WANT?  
ONE WHO WOULD  
WANT YOU...THINK  
YOU ARE  
BEAUTIFUL?

OTHER WOMEN  
HAVE MOTHERS,  
FRIENDS,  
LOVERS,  
HUSBANDS...  
CHILDREN!

UGGHH!

IRIS STARTS HER "BEAR HUG" OF DEATH!

MMM...  
FFF





**PROLOGUE:** FRANCOISE AND GENEVIEVE AND COLIN SCATTERED ABOUT LITTLE HEED TO THE WATCHMAN WHOSE LANTERN SEARCHED OUT THIEVES! ALL THEY YEARNED WAS FREEDOM FROM... **STARVATION!** FOR THERE WAS NO FOOD NOW IN THE FRENCH PORT OF **LORIEN...** SIMPLY NOTHING TO BE FOUND AT ALL! THE PACKS HAD GROWN TO ENORMOUS PROPORTION AND THE POPULATION OF THE LITTLE TOWN COULD SIMPLY NOT SUPPORT THEM ALL! THEY WERE DOOMED TO STARVATION... AND HUNDREDS HAD DIED ALREADY! SO NOW A FEW OF THEM GATHERED, TWENTY IN ALL, AND DECIDED TO MAKE A LAST DITCH EFFORT AT ESCAPING THE FAMISHED PORT...ESCAPE ON A SHIP: "THAT ONE" THE LEADER MARCEL HAD TOLD THEM JUST MINUTES BEFORE, "THAT ONE IS GOING TO **AMERICA!**"

# THE GIANT DEATH RAT

"FOOD IS PLENTIFUL IN AMERICA" MARCEL THE LEADER SPOKE AGAIN, "WE **MUST** GET ABOARD THAT SHIP... THE JOURNEY TO AMERICA WILL BE HARD, MEN, BUT **WORTH IT!**"

The giant rat of Sumatra, a story for which the world is not yet prepared."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

"AND WE'RE LUCKY THAT THIS IS NOT A PLEASURE SHIP... IT'S A **CARGO** VESSEL! IF WE HIDE IN THE SHIP'S **HOLD** WE'LL HAVE FOOD APLENTY FOR THE JOURNEY!" MARCEL SMACKED HIS LIPS IN ANTICIPATION, AND THE OTHERS JOINED IN HIS DELIGHT!

"IT IS NOW **TIME** BRETHREN, THE LIGHT OF NIGHT WILL SOON BE GONE AND OUR OPPORTUNITY WASTED. MAKE HASTE AND FOLLOW ME UP THE ROPE TO THE SHIP BY THE HULL-- IT'S **DARK** AND NOT LIT BY DECK LANTERNS... FOLLOW ME NOW THEN... AND AT ALL TIMES... **STAY WELL HIDDEN!**"

AND SO STARTS OUR TALE... ON THE 14th DAY OF MARCH... THE YEAR 1707... AS THE VESSEL *SUMATRA* CRASHES THROUGH MASSIVE ATLANTIC WAVES ON HER WAY TO NEW ORLEANS... HER CARGO?... SPICES OF THE ORIENT... RICH TAPESTRIES OF THE MIDDLE EAST ... WINE AND DELICACIES OF EUROPE... AND POSSIBLY... JUST POSSIBLY... SOME *STOW-AWAYS*...

WELL CAPTAIN... LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A GOOD VOYAGE!

AYE MATE, IT JUST MIGHT BE... THE WIND'S WITH US AND NO SIGHT OF A GALE IN THE SKY... LUCK JUST MIGHT BE WITH US THIS TRIP!



I'M *HAPPY* THIS TRIP FOR A CHANGE... FIRST TIME IN EIGHT YEARS WE'VE TRAVERSED THIS OCEAN OUR CARGO HASN'T BEEN AFRICAN *SLAVES*... IT'S A RELIEF NOT TO HAVE WORRY ABOUT THE STINK OF DEATH IN OUR HOLDS!

AND I IMAGINE THESE *FINERIES* OF THE OLD WORLD ARE WORTH MUCH MORE THAN A FEW DEAD CARCASSES ... RIGHT CAP'N?



CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN ... COME SIR, FOR GOD'S SAKE... COME SIR... THE *COOK'S* SPOTTED A RAT IN THE GALLEY!

WHY THAT... SUPERCILIOUS MILK-SOP... THERE'S NO RATS ON *MY* SHIP... HE MUST BE SEEING THINGS...





ALRIGHT COOKY...  
WHAT'S ALL THIS  
ABOUT A RAT...

THERE IS SIR, THERE *IS*  
A RAT! THE MEN ARE  
LOOKING FOR IT NOW SIR,  
UNDER THE STOVES AND  
CUPBOARDS... THEY'LL  
FIND IT SIR!



THEY HAD *BETTER* FIND IT MAN... BECAUSE IF  
THEY DON'T FIND IT YOU'LL BE QUARTERED FOR  
A *WEEK*... AND IF THEY *DO* FIND IT... LIKE  
AS NOT YOU'RE *DOOMED*!



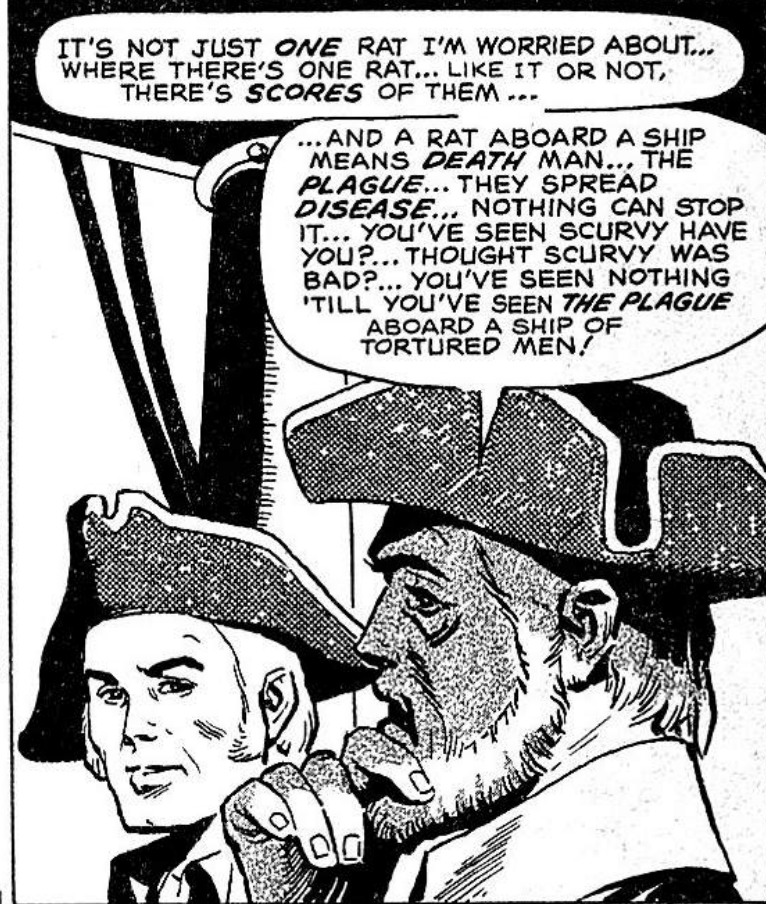
WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
CAPTAIN... *DOOMED*...  
WHY SHOULD ONE  
LITTLE RAT DOOM  
OVER A HUNDRED AND  
FIFTY GOOD MEN...

I'LL SAY THIS *ONCE*  
MAN... AND DON'T  
REPEAT IT OR THE  
MEN'LL *PANIC* IF  
THEY EVER HEAR  
OF IT...



IT'S NOT JUST *ONE* RAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT...  
WHERE THERE'S ONE RAT... LIKE IT OR NOT,  
THERE'S *SCORES* OF THEM...

...AND A RAT ABOARD A SHIP  
MEANS *DEATH* MAN... THE  
*PLAGUE*... THEY SPREAD  
*DISEASE*... NOTHING CAN STOP  
IT... YOU'VE SEEN SCURVY HAVE  
YOU?... THOUGHT SCURVY WAS  
BAD?... YOU'VE SEEN NOTHING  
'TILL YOU'VE SEEN *THE PLAGUE*  
ABOARD A SHIP OF  
TORTURED MEN!



WELL SAILOR...  
WHAT IS IT  
YE WANT?

COOKY ASKED ME TO  
REPORT TO YOU SIR...  
WE DIDN'T FIND THE  
RAT... HE SAYS IT WAS  
ALL HIS IMAGINATION...  
THERE WAS NO RAT AT  
ALL SIR... COOKY SAYS  
HE JUST IMAGINED IT!



AH... WELL THAT'S BETTER... SPREAD  
THE WORD TO THE MEN... THERE'S NOTHIN'  
TO BE AFRAID OF...

THERE'S NO RATS  
ABOARD *MY* SHIP!



CAPTAIN... THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ASKED ME TO CALL YOU SIR... BAD CASE OF **SCURVY** BELOW... ASKS IF YOU WOULD COME TO HIS QUARTER...

**SCURVY!** BUT... WE'VE ONLY BEEN OUT OF PORT A LITTLE OVER A WEEK... HOW IS THAT **POSSIBLE?**

IT'S NOT SCURVY SIR... I DIDN'T WANT TO TO **ALARM** THE CREW... YOU'D BETTER LOOK FOR YOURSELF...

... **GOOD GOD...** THE BLOODY **PLAGUE...** ON **MY SHIP...** HOW IS IT POSSIBLE... THAT **RAT** THE COOK SPOTTED... IT MUST BE THAT RAT... INFESTED MY CREW... WE HAVE TO FIND THAT RAT... AND **NOW!**

... AND SO THIS SHIP HAS TO BE SEARCHED FROM AFT TO FORE... **MY GOD...**

**IT'S TOO LATE...**

**IT'S TOO LATE...**

**TOO LATE** INDEED CAPTAIN... FOR THE **PLAGUE** HAS TAKEN HOLD, TAKEN A FIRM GRASP OF DEATH UPON THE MEN OF SUMATRA... **TOO LATE** CAPTAIN... FOR **ANYTHING...** EXCEPT A PRAYER PERHAPS... IN YOUR MOMENT OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR...



...DON'T PANIC MEN...  
IN HEAVEN'S NAME  
DON'T PANIC... IT'S  
THE WORST THING  
YOU CAN DO!

...MAYBE CAP'N...  
MAYBE IT IS AND  
MAYBE IT ISN'T...  
IF YOU THINK WE  
WANT... THIS... THIS  
HUMAN CORPSE  
AMONG US YOU'RE  
MISTAKEN...!

...THROW HIM  
OVERBOARD...  
MAYBE THE  
DISEASE WILL  
GO WITH HIM...

IF YOU THINK WE WANT  
TO BE ABOARD A SHIP  
THAT'S... THAT'S DYING  
YOU'RE CRAZY... TAKE  
US TO THE NEAREST  
PORT... WE DEMAND IT!

I WOULD... IF I THOUGHT IT  
WOULD DO ANY GOOD... BUT WE'RE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC  
MAN... WHERE WOULD WE GO?...  
AND IF WE DID REACH A PORT  
THEY'D NEVER LET US LAND...  
NOT WITH THE PLAGUE... THE  
ONLY THING TO DO IS TO  
FIND THE RATS!!

NNNNNNNN

GET 'EM... DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE...  
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HIDING  
SOMEWHERE ON DECK... THEY  
KNEW WE'D BE AFTER THEM...

SORRY ALBERTÉ... A LIFE-  
TIME FRIEND YOU MAY BE...  
BUT I DON'T FIGURE ON  
DYING WITH YOU!

I'M SORRY CAPTAIN...  
THERE'S NOTHING I  
CAN DO... ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING... THE PLAGUE  
HAS TAKEN COMPLETE  
HOLD OF THE MEN...  
IT'S A MIRACLE THERE  
IS ANY LEFT ALIVE  
AT ALL...

OUT OF MY FULL  
COMPLEMENT OF OVER A  
HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE  
GOOD MEN ONLY A HAND-  
FUL ARE LEFT... MAYBE  
A DOZEN AT MOST...

AND HOW LONG  
CAN WE SURVIVE  
DOCTOR?

I DON'T KNOW  
CAPTAIN... I JUST  
DON'T KNOW...

BUT... NOT...  
LONG...



NOT LONG INDEED... FOR AS NIGHT FALLS ON THE AIMLESSLY DRIFTING SHIP A SCREAM IS HEARD ABOVE THE WAILING OF THE AGONY... AN EAR PIERCING SCREAM AS ONE OF THE TORMENTED FALLS FROM A YARDARM WHERE HE WAS PAINFULLY TRYING TO DULLEN HIS SORROWS WITH A BARREL OF THE SHIP'S BEST **RUM**...



**IN** EUROPE WHEN THE PLAGUE GRABS HOLD OF A TOWN OR A VILLAGE EVERYTHING IS **BURNED** TO STOP THE SPREADING OF THE DISEASE... BUT WHAT HAPPENS ON A **SHIP**? HOW CAN YOU BURN A SHIP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN AND EXPECT TO SURVIVE-- THAT'S A RIDDLE-- THE **ANSWER**?... YOU **CAN'T**!

WE'LL **DROWN**... LIKE **RATS**...

THAT'S A **CRUDE JOKE** FRIEND... BUT IF THIS FIRE ISN'T BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL, IT'LL BE A **GRIM REALITY**!

WHAT GOOD CAPTAIN OF THE SEVEN SEAS EVER DESERVED THIS... MY SHIP... BURNING TO A **CINDER** AND MY CREW... **EEEEAAAUUUGGHH!**



**ABANDON SHIP... ABANDON SHIP... TO THE LIFEBOATS...**

THEN MAKE ROOM FOR ONE WHO **CAN** MOVE...

I CAN'T MOVE... THE PAIN... MY ARM IS ON **FIRE**...

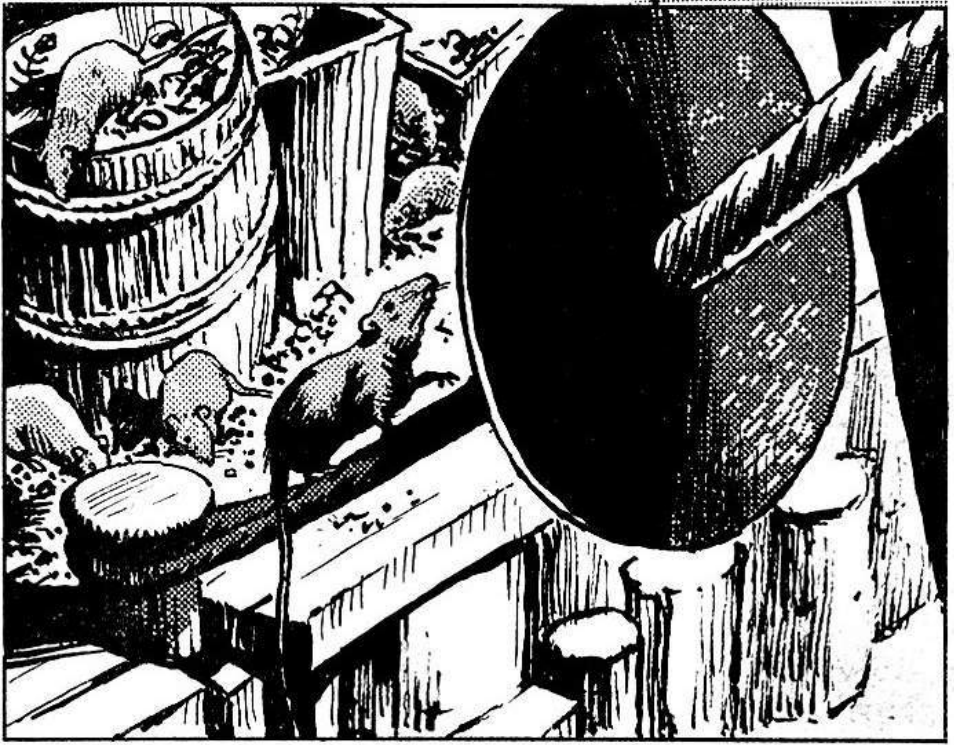






DROWNING...  
NOTHING LEFT  
FOR US... NOTHING  
...BUT... BUT  
WHERE ARE THEY...  
WHERE ARE  
THE RATS...

WHY DON'T  
THE RATS  
LEAVE THE  
SINKING SHIP...  
WHERE ARE  
THE RATS...?



MARCEL HAD A NEW DEPUTY BY THE NAME OF JEAN-CLAUDE, AND ONE DAY ABOUT FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE DREADED INCIDENT HE CAME SCURRYING UP TO THE LEADER!

"MARCEL... MARCEL! HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT HAPPENED... SAILORS HAVE COME BACK FROM THAT SHIP... THE *SUMATRA*!"  
"REALLY," SAID MARCEL WITH INDIFFERENCE, "AND WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT?"  
"THE *PLAGUE*, MARCEL... THE SHIP HAD THE *PLAGUE*! ALMOST EVERY MAN ABOARD WAS INFECTED... AND THEN ONE NIGHT ONE OF THE MEN GOT DRUNK AND SET THE SHIP ON FIRE... AND ONLY *THREE MEN* SURVIVED! ISN'T THAT JUST *TERRIBLE*!"  
"FOR *THEM* MAYBE, BUT WE CAN CONSIDER OURSELVES *LUCKY* WE COULDN'T GET ABOARD AFTER ALL! THAT *HALF CUP* THEY PUT ON THE ROPES STOPPED US... OTHERWISE WE'D HAVE THE *PLAGUE* *TOO*!"

AND MARCEL GRINNED, AND WENT BACK TO GNAWING HIS FOOD!



# NIGHTMARE'S NIGHTMAIL

As of NIGHTMARE #6, you have become one of the best horror magazines around. Beginning with the cover: Jeff Jones' portrayal of the Lovewitch was superb. If you could get him to do an interior story for you, it would enhance your magazine immensely. (What do you think of this issue's "Sleep," Gary?) The letter page was interesting. This is, I feel, where a good reader/magazine relationship should develop. I liked the straight ahead answers given. Your competitors tend to be more comical in their replies. The interview with Jeff Jones was a bore. On to the stories. "Lovewitch" was fun to read, but I'm not a fan of Colon's. You followed this with three stories that had the same theme: "The Living Gargoyle," "The Geek," and "Broken Sparrow." The artwork in all three was good. In "Broken Sparrow," I feel you had the best story/art of the issue. Todd has always impressed me with his fine artwork. The ending was sad, and extremely unusual. I don't know why, but it left me feeling rather strange. "The Geek" by Pat Boyette, drew forth my pity; this pity was destroyed by the horrifying ending. This is good . . . pitiful stories have been done to death. "The Cosmos Strain" was saved by the fine artwork of Mike Kaluta. The story itself was unimaginative. Thanks for listening.

Gary Kimber  
Ontario, Canada



When artist Pat Boyette told me that he was illustrating a couple of strips for Skywald, I couldn't believe my own ears. But there I sat, face to face with the man, and he was telling the truth. Recently, I picked up a copy of NIGHTMARE #6, and there it was: "The Geek," by Pat Boyette. I was greatly surprised with the clear-cut reproduction. The Jeff Jones painting of "Lovewitch" was a fantastic piece of craftsmanship. Ernie Colon and Jack Abel rendered a beautiful "Lovewitch" episode. "The Living Gargoyle" proved Jerry Siegal an apt writer; Carlos Garzon came through with another superior art job. I found "Broken Sparrow" the best story in the issue: the climax to that yarn was *not* expected. I'm sure it caught many readers by surprise. I can see there's no need to ask for science fiction stories: "The Cosmos Strain" by Mike Kaluta was about as sf as you can get! This particular strip compared to (if not equalled) some of the classic EC science fiction strips of the 50's. All in all, NIGHTMARE #6 was well worth the 60¢. Let's keep it that way.

Rudy Rankins  
Houston, Texas



I really do hope that you will read this letter, as it's the first letter I've ever written to a publishing company. I have something important that I would like to say.

It's a compliment. I want to congratulate you for publishing the work of writer Alan Hewetson. I've been a fan of his in other magazines, but the NIGHTMARE issue with his story "Hag of the Blood Basket" (NIGHTMARE #4), and the follow-up comment in Jeffrey Rovin's column, the

GET IN THERE...  
YOU'VE ALREADY  
BEEN ACCORDED  
UNPRECEDENTED  
PRIVILEGES...  
SO JUST TO  
GET IN THERE  
AND SHUT  
UP!



Psycho-Analyst (PSYCHO #5) really blew my mind! Most authors don't write subtle horror: Allan Hewetson does. Most writers don't have depth and character to their stories, real motivation, real situations—and in fantasy—real empathy; well, Mr. Hewetson does. His stories stand apart from the other stories, great even as they are, because they have a certain, perhaps unnamable, ingredient that grabs, grips, and guarantees pure gut horror (if I may use a little bit of Mr. Hewetson's writing style, that is, alliteration). I see his work appears regularly in your magazines . . . great! Please keep it that way. He is beautiful, and so is Skywald for publishing his work. Keep up the good work, guys. If I sent a copy of NIGHTMARE to Mr. Hewetson c/o Skywald, would you forward it to him? I'd like it autographed.

Jerry Brady

New York, New York

Jerry, I'll be glad to forward a copy of NIGHTMARE to Al: I'd like to add that Al is a great guy, and it's a pleasure working with him!

There were two things about issue #6 of NIGHTMARE that should win an award of some sort. One was that Jeff Jones cover. His work is great on paperback books, but this time he really outdid himself. I'm glad you didn't clutter up the cover with excess wordage. Would it be possible to get Jeff to do some inside work? Secondly, the inside cover (Medea) was magnificent. Mike Kaluta did a subtle and beautiful job rendering the "witch-maiden of Colchis." Why not do a follow-up featuring Jason or the Golden Fleece. I remember reading something of a film about Medea; you wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you? Keep up the good work, Skywaldians.

Jodi Zucker

New York, New York

Jodi, the motion picture in question is the Pier Paolo Pasolini film about Medea called, not too surprisingly, MEDEA. The Euro International film stars Maria Callas.



Thank you for printing my letter in issue #6 of your fantastic magazine, NIGHTMARE. The Boris Karloff article was interesting, but isn't Allan Asherman really Forrest J Ackerman?

Dave Stremper  
Rochester, New York

**Al Asherman is really Al Asherman, Dave. Forry Ackerman, for those of you who don't know, is one of the world's foremost experts on horror and science fiction films.**

"Great Men of Horror Films" is great. I have been collecting horror magazines for a long time, but your's is the best. The film section, great writers, and the magnificent Boris Vallejo: with this combination, you have all the competitors beat!

Steven Volkman  
Goffstown, New Hampshire

Here are a few comments on NIGHTMARE #6. First of all, the cover. No, I'm sorry, but I don't like it. Jeff Jones' work looks much better on paperbacks. I did, however, like the interview, as well as the "Lovewitch" art by Ernie Colon and Jack Abel. Carlos Garzon (keep him handy) was great! I disliked the art by Larry Todd, but I liked Doug Wildey, Mike Kaluta, and Pat Boyette. As far as the stories were concerned, most of them were good. I'm anxiously waiting for #7.

Richard Charron  
Quebec, Canada

I found NIGHTMARE #5 an excellent publication. Especially interesting was "Great Men of Horror Films." I implore you, run an article on Christopher Lee. This great actor has many admirers who would appreciate an article on "Count Dracula." Although "Great Men of Horror Films" is a fantastic idea, why not run an article on a woman? There are many women who deserve recognition: Barbara Steele, Fay Wray, Elsa Lanchester, Brigitte Helm, and Martha Hyer. NIGHTMARE is, and will continue to be, an excellent magazine, what with the talent you have working for you. Keep NIGHTMARE coming!

Helaine E. Carson  
Plainview, New York

I don't know if many girls read your magazine, but I'm one who is definitely hooked! Issue #5 was great. Cover artist Boris Vallejo is really good; he's the best cover artist since Frank Frazetta. The contents were good too. Your new feature "Great Men of Horror Films" is going to send NIGHTMARE soaring to the height of popularity. I hope you do a story on my favorite, Bela Lugosi. Keep publishing NIGHTMARE, and I'll keep buying it, ok?

Lorrie King  
Sharpsville, Pa.

Ok, Lorrie.

I felt I must take pen in hand to commend you, in this short epistle, for your praiseworthy journal. The art is the best I've seen; the stories are usually great. There are some plots that are overused, such as the scientist creating monsters in his lab. But well rendered art more than makes up for scriptural flaws.

Why don't you run a contest allowing readers to send in their own stories, no length specified, with commendable works printed in your magazine? If the story is long, it could always be serialized in following magazines. If you were to do this, you would be one horror magazine that's unique and is for the people, *by the people!* How about it? Why don't you let your readers comment on my ideas. It would be interesting to see what they think. I'm sure there are amateurs bursting with talent, and all they need is a break. Some folks can't afford publishing costs; the price of success is high. It's a rat race and money does wonders. It rather disheartens me when rich people's children write a poem and are considered prodigies for that three line paragraph, while kids on the streets, in jail, or without much hope, are bursting with talent. All they need is a break. I know that having one of their stories published—or just a letter printed—would mean a lot to many people. Thank you for listening.

Nicky  
Dorchester, Mass.

I would like to take issue with your commentary on poor/rich talent; you generalize, insisting that slum children are fraught with artistic invention and "rich" children merely mock prodigies. All levels of affluence have their writers, artists, poets, and musicians; to say that poor people, because of their state, are to be helped: yes. To say that they have more than their share of talent: this is not fair. Further, I want to take this opportunity to welcome all contributions to our magazines. Poor, rich, black, white, Indian, martian or prehistoric: all work sent to us is considered equally. Those submissions that we do not use will be acknowledged in the FANTASIA column beginning this issue. I trust this arrangement will be considered fair.



"The Cosmos Strain" is the finest thing Skywald has ever done. The Steve Stern/Mike Kaluta combination is too good. Don't ever break it up. I am a science fiction fan with only a passing interest in monsters and horror, so let's have some more tales like "The Cosmos Strain."

Pat Froise  
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Pat, we've broken up the Stern/Kaluta combination temporarily so that Steve and Jeff Jones could put together PSYCHO #6's "Sleep."



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THIS IS A STORY ABOUT  
UNSLLEEPING...NOT THAT  
THERE'S REALLY ALL THAT  
MUCH DIFFERENCE...A  
NIGHTMARE IS JUST LIKE  
A DAYMARE...IT'S ONLY A  
HORSE OF A DIFFERENT  
COLOR...**BLACK**...AND SO  
STARTS OUR TALE WITH A...

# GASPI!



NO, NO...IN  
HEAVEN'S NAME...  
PUT ME DOWN...  
PUT ME DOWN...ARE  
YOU ALL INSANE...  
PUT ME DOWN...

DON BROWN

NNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

PUT YOU DOWN...  
WE'D BE PLEASED  
TO...YOU PREFER  
THIS?...

NO! I CAN'T  
BREATHE...PLEASE  
STOP...STOP...WHY  
DO YOU TORTURE  
ME...STOP...





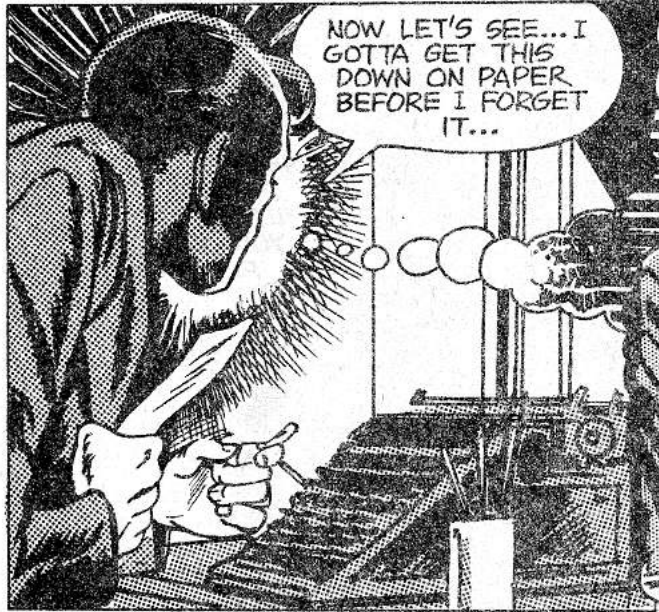
HOLY SMOKES...WHAT A NIGHTMARE THAT WAS... THANK GOODNESS IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!



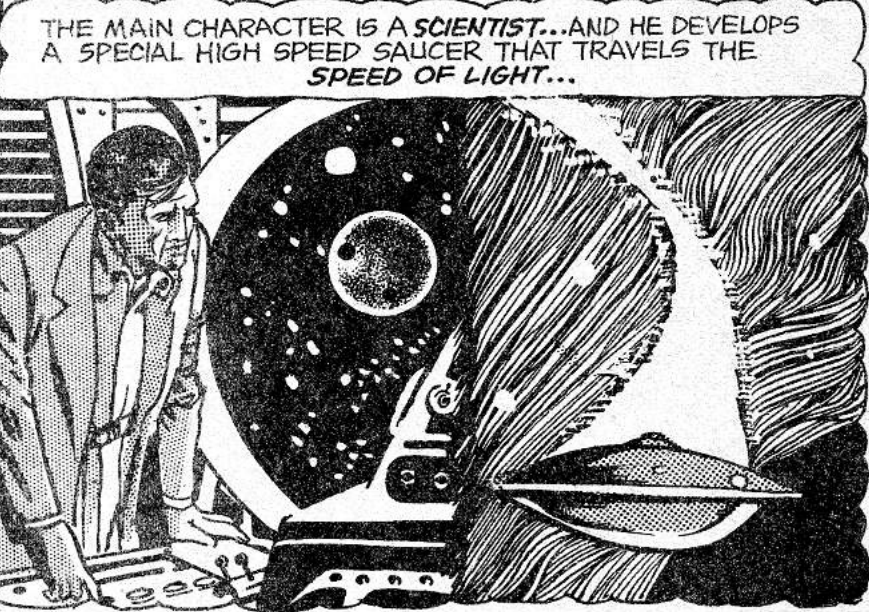
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!...THAT'S PERFECT...THE PERFECT PLOT FOR THAT HORROR STORY I'M WRITING...ABSOLUTELY PERFECT...



LOVECRAFT OLD BOY...BETTER MOVE OVER...YOU AN' POE HAVE GOT A NEW PARTNER...THIS TALE WILL BE THE GREATEST EVER WRITTEN!



NOW LET'S SEE...I GOTTA GET THIS DOWN ON PAPER BEFORE I FORGET IT...



THE MAIN CHARACTER IS A SCIENTIST...AND HE DEVELOPS A SPECIAL HIGH SPEED SAUCER THAT TRAVELS THE SPEED OF LIGHT...



...HE REACHES A STRANGE DIMENSION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF LIGHT...CO-EXISTING WITH EARTH BUT ON A DIFFERENT PLANE...HE'S GREETED BY WEIRD HOSTILE BEINGS...

I BRING YOU GREETINGS... I AM FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION...

ANOTHER DIMENSION? BALONEY, FELLAH... YOU'RE A SPY SENT BY OUR ENEMIES... THE KULKAS...



KULKAS...YOU'RE CRAZY...I TOLD YOU I'M FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION...LOOK AT ME...I'M DIFFERENT FROM YOU...AND YOUR SKINS...ARE BLUE...



SO?...YOU KULKAS USED STRANGER DISGUISES BEFORE...YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO FALL FOR THAT OLD TROJAN HORSE TRICK?

YOU'LL COME WITH US NOW...FOR A SPEEDY TRIAL... AND A FASTER EXECUTION!





NO, NO...  
YOU'RE INSANE...  
I'M NOT A SPY...



PUT ME DOWN...  
PUT ME DOWN...  
ARE YOU ALL  
MAD?



YOU WANT DOWN?...  
WE'LL PUT YOU DOWN  
ALL RIGHT...



NO...CAN'T  
BREATHE...YOU'RE  
RUNNING SO  
FAST...CAN'T  
BREATHE...



MY LEGS...YOU'RE  
PULLING THEM  
OFF...STOP...PLEASE  
STOP... I'M NOT A  
KULKA...PLEASE...



NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU  
WHAT WE DO WITH  
OUR ENEMIES...

BUT...BUT  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE TRIAL?...  
YOU SAID...

TRIAL? A  
WASTE OF TIME  
...YOU'RE  
OBVIOUSLY  
GUILTY...



HOLY SMOKES...WHAT  
A NIGHTMARE THAT WAS  
...THANK GOODNESS IT  
WAS ONLY A DREAM!



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!...  
THAT'S PERFECT...THE  
PERFECT PLOT FOR  
THAT HORROR STORY  
I'M WRITING!

END



# FANTasia

by  
JEFF ROVIN

I would like to inaugurate this series by dedicating it to three men whose contribution to the world of fantasy and imagination is immeasurable. The first is Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan and John Carter of Mars; his writings have inspired a countless number of artists, writers, and filmmakers. I, having filmed JOHN CARTER OF MARS, am proud to count myself amongst the latter. The second man in whose memory I dedicate this column, is the late Max Steiner. A filmusicreator and winner of three Academy Awards (THE INFORMER, NOW VOYAGER, and SINCE YOU WENT AWAY), Mr. Steiner is best remembered for his KING KONG and GONE WITH THE WIND musical scores. Mr. Steiner died in Hollywood 28 December 1971. Finally, Mr. Walt Disney, about whom I will make but one statement: he was the greatest filmmaker in the history of the medium. To you, gentlemen, I gratefully dedicate FANTasia.

Fandom has its share of up-and-coming writers and artists. Daniel Bubacz corralled a madman, pollution, and Venusians for his manuscript "The Pusher." Jack Butterworth redid THE MONKEY'S PAW for his story "A Helping Hand." David Taggart wrote about a man-sized Easter Bunny, while David Orr gave us the story of a woman who, in due time, was devoured by her bed . . . hmm . . . sure sounds like a case for The Man of Bronze, Doc Savage. What! You don't know who Doc Savage is . . . sorry, unknowing one. You'll have to check with George Pal (7 FACES OF DR. LAO, TIME MACHINE, WAR OF THE WORLDS) because Producer Pal is filming the adventures of Kenneth Robeson's 1930's hero. He who will play Doc Savage has not yet been chosen; Mr. Pal is looking for an unknown actor. (He'd better have flake gold eyes . . .). Another super hero in the news is James Bond: the latest Bond thriller, DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER, is doing phenomenally well at the box office.

Congratulations are in order for Herschel Waldman, NIGHTMARE's Business Manager; Hersch just mar-

ried a lovely, lovely lady named Celia. Good luck, Mr. & Mrs. W. . . .

Fan artwork has been flowing in at a regular pace: the most recent submission comes from Houston, Texas. Don Bryan sent us the finest piece of fan artwork this staff has ever seen! From David Woodley came a nicely rendered four page strip about a scientist who turns his wife into a spider-woman. With a little practice, Dave should become another John Romita! David Puckett sent us an ink sketch of a demon from the future, while Steve Imahashi produced a nicely planned, very imaginatively structured comic strip about a man who is always being beaten and tolchoked. Tolchoked? What is a tolchok? Well, droogies, look it up in your CLOCKWORK ORANGE dictionary of Nadsat; that language, by the way, one of the most unique story-telling inventions in literary history. And if you think this is bad, wait until we start using Edgar Rice Burroughs' Pal-ul-don language. (Just kidding, friends and droogs. We have enough trouble with the English language; why would we start using sentences like, "The Tor-o-don viddied a za peeting moloko!" No way. . . .)

It's official: in American release, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY grossed \$21,500,000.00, PLANET OF THE APES grabbed \$15,000,000.00 and BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES took in \$8,200,000.00. Not bad. Considering the fact that highly touted films such as CLEOPATRA and TORA! TORA! TORA!, you'll pardon the expression, bombed out, I would say the order of the day is for more cinema science fiction. How about it, Hollywood . . . ?

Here's good news for fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs: Ballantine Books is putting together the twelfth book in ERB's famous Martian series. Unlike the first eleven John Carter novels, this book tells no story . . . it's a guide

Fantasia, attentive readers, is defined as "a potpourri"; a potpourri is defined as "a mixture." And a mixture this column will be: of motion pictures . . . of books . . . of fans. In FANTasia, NIGHTMARE will acknowledge scripts sent by followers of Skywald magazines; artwork involving monsters, heroes, demons, and witches; even fan and pan mail.

. . . A GUIDE TO JOHN CARTER'S MARS. Dick Lupoff is the author; Dick wrote EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE for Ace Books . . . he knows his stuff! Another item of literary interest is Anthony Burgess' novel THE EVE OF SAINT VENUS. The book is about a mortal man who marries a goddess; it's light fun and fantasy, not at all in the vein of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Two continuing series merit your attention: one is the light and easy Perry Rhodan series from Forry Ackerman, the other, an intelligent Burroughs-like Tarnsman of Gor series from the pen of John Norman. Both sets make for good reading. Ivan Butler's book THE MAKING OF FEATURE FILMS—A GUIDE has an interview with Ray Harryhausen and some great behind the scenes photographs from JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and PLANET OF THE APES: if you're interested in filmmaking, I suggest you get a copy of this excellent book. In addition, Ivan Butler has written a reference work called HORROR IN THE CINEMA; not as good as Carlos Clarens' book AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM, HORROR IN THE CINEMA does have some good photographs and interesting information. More on this, and other books, in NIGHTMARE #8's FANTasia.

Well, that's it for this issue's installment of FANTasia. Did you like it? Was it horrorshow? (That old Nadsat keeps creeping in . . . sorry about that!) Was FANTasia long enough . . . was it too long? What would you like to see in FANTasia? Please let us know. Send your comments, art, scripts, and ideas to FANTasia, Skywald Publishing Corp., 18 East 41st Street, New York, New York 10017.







An unsuspecting Mina is about to become the blood-buddy of Count Dracula.

Some strange and durable aura, a foggy composite of respect and nostalgia, hovers over the Bela Lugosi DRACULA. Produced by Universal in 1931, the film, a product of the faltering first steps in sound motion picture production, is a fairly literal adaptation of the awesome and brilliant Bram Stoker novel. Unfortunately, the Tod Browning production sports none of the horror found in the novel; statically photographed, overacted by Lugosi, simple-mindedly underplayed by Edward Van Sloan (Van Helsing), and edited without a sense of continuity, DRACULA is a disappointing and unsuccessful artistic endeavor. Contrarily, Stoker's DRACULA, published in 1897, is a work of art; the novel has vivid dialogue, sharp vocabulary, and

is told, skillfully and intelligently, through the diary entries and letters of its main characters. Here, for example, is Jonathan Harker's account of "11 August, 3 a. m. . . . I became broad awake, and sat up, with a horrible sense of fear upon me, and some feeling of emptiness around me. The room was dark, so I could not see Lucy's bed; I stole across and felt for her. The bed was empty. I lit a match and found that she was not in the room. The door was shut, but was not locked, as I had left it. I . . . threw on some clothes and got ready to look for her. I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting-room. Not there! Then I looked in all the other open rooms of the

house, with an ever-growing fear chilling my heart. Finally I came to the hall door and found it open . . . I took a big, heavy shawl and ran out. The clock was striking one . . . and there was not a soul in sight. I ran along the North Terrace, but could see no sign of the white figure I expected. At the edge of the West Cliff above the pier I looked across the harbour to the East Cliff, in the hope or fear—I don't know which—of seeing Lucy in our favourite seat. There was a bright full moon, with heavy black, driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting diorama of light and shade as they sailed across. For a moment or two, I could see nothing, as the



**"Curses, double crossed!" Trapped by Van Helsing's makeshift crucifix, Dracula meets his doom.**

shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary's Church and all around it. Then as the cloud passed . . . the church and the churchyard became gradually visible. Whatever my expectation was, I was not disappointed, for there, on our favourite seat, the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for the shadow shut down on light almost immediately; but it seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell; I did not wait to catch another glance, but flew down the steep steps to the pier and along by the fish-market to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure. I called in fright, 'Lucy! Lucy!' and something raised a head, and from where I was I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes . . ."



**Painting the town red is Bela Lugosi; here, about to enter the theater in which he meets future victim Mina Seward and her fiance, Jonathan Harker.**







Who can blame him? From **HORROR OF DRACULA**.

This humble reviewer suggests you read the frightening novel, but does not recommend you see the Lugosi film. Despite sets that would make Samuel Bronston (*EL CID*, *FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE*) jealous, the production plods and whimpers its entire, dated length. The dialogue is ridiculous. For instance: Renfield (brilliantly played by Dwight Frye) comes to Castle Dracula on business. He is greeted by Mr. Lugosi, "I am . . .

Dracula." Renfield (with cobwebs and spiders hanging from every inch of wall-space), "I thought I was in the wrong place!"

The acting is, by all but Mr. Frye, at best, mediocre. Next to the 1958 Hammer production *HORROR OF DRACULA*, the Lugosi version is lifeless and anemic. One of the finest films ever made, *HORROR OF DRACULA* takes more liberties with the Stoker novel than does the 1931 film;

the end, however, fully justifies the means. Jonathan Harker (John Van Eyssen), Castle Dracula's new librarian, is made a member of the living dead by one of the Count's own victims (Valerie Gaunt . . . who isn't really). Dracula (Christopher Lee) leaves his castle to live where the pickings are ripe; Harker's diary is recovered, however, by his friend Dr. Van Helsing (the great Peter Cushing). A student of vampirism, Van Helsing



A brilliant and atmospheric shot of Christopher Lee from DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS.



locates Dracula's lair and chases the vampire back to his castle. Dawn is approaching, and the Count hurries to hide from the deadly rays of the sun. Within Dracula's mansion, Van Helsing and the gruesome ghoul battle to the death. In an expert and thrilling finale, the good doctor rips down a curtain that shades the vicious vampire from death-dealing rays of sunlight; floored by the sunbeams, Dracula is kept immobile by a Van Helsing-

fashioned crucifix. In one of the cinema's most amazing special effects sequences, Dracula is reduced to dust before our very eyes.

Christopher Lee-as Dracula-is superb. Tall, sleek, and menacing, Mr. Lee is enigmatic; he speaks hardly ever; we come to know little of his personality. That is all right, though; Mr. Lugosi—who possessed one of filmdom's finest and most distinguished voices—speaks *too much* in

DRACULA and, as a result, creates a trite and unbelievable character. You see, readers, men are afraid, inherently, of that about which they know little, and the potential horror of Stoker's character Dracula lies in his ability to remain a mysterious creature of the night. And Mr. Lee, whose blood-sucking demon comes and goes with the quickness of thought, is that most terrifying Father of Evil. Peter Cushing is an excellent Dr.





**"What d'ya think, coach?" Peter Cushing and Michael Gough come upon a man whose carriage was stolen by the home-bound Dracula.**

front, an emotionless exterior; the good doctor searches for, and destroys vampires in a methodical, matter-of-Van Helsing. Mr. Cushing's fearless vampire killer is a man very sure of himself . . . confident . . . decisive. His desire to know the dark secrets of vampirism often precludes what *should* be the instinct for physical survival. Van Helsing puts on a cold

fact manner. A touch of conceit filters through Van Helsing's every move; this a product of his self-assuredness, born, in turn, of inscrutable logic. Mr. Cushing carries himself with dignity and when he speaks, makes pronouncements rather than conversation; he does an infinitely superior job with this role than does Edward Van Sloan (himself, an excellent actor . . . THE

MUMMY, FRANKENSTEIN) who meanders infirmly through the Lugosi film.

The photography in HORROR OF DRACULA is impeccable. Throughout Castle Dracula, the camera weaves: in and out of rooms . . . furniture . . . castle trappings (candelabras, for instance); the result is a strange, but successful three dimensional realism.



An interesting poster from the sequel to HORROR OF DRACULA.



The music is dynamic and does not "second-guess the actors": it is the horror's *emphasis*, not its causation. The sets are lavish, the screenplay is intelligent and well-paced, and the mood . . . the mood is one of absolute terror.

HORROR OF DRACULA sits—and deserves the place it holds—beside other horror classics . . . films such as

Tourneur's CURSE OF THE DEMON (also 1958), Karloff's BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935), Mayer's CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1920), and Lewton's CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (1944). Lugosi's DRACULA, with its lack of music . . . camera movement, and acting (though attempts at the latter are sincere . . .) is not what it could—and should—have

been. If any fans see these films in a different light, I will be glad to publish their opinions in NIGHTMARE







APPEAR BEFORE  
ME, SLAVES OF THE  
QUEEN OF DARKNESS.  
I COMMAND YOUR  
PRESENCE IN MY MOMENT  
OF SPLENDOR. **COME  
TO YOUR QUEEN!**

AS SHE SPEAKS, THE  
STAGNANT AIR IS FILLED  
WITH THE STENCH OF  
DEATH. SWIRLING CUR-  
RENTS OF **GHASTLY**  
WIND **HERALD** CREATURES  
OF HELL, **THE SLAVES**  
OF **TONIA!**

A GATEWAY TO THE  
PLUTONIC DEPTHS IS  
BURNT IN AGED ROCK;  
A MACABRE PROCES-  
SION FILLS THE  
CHAMBER MOVING TO A  
TWO SOUNDLESS  
DIRGE OF THE UNDEAD.

THIS IS THE DAY  
OF **RAYMORE...**  
A MOMENT IN  
ENDLESS TIME  
WHEN SATAN,  
OMNIPOTENT  
RULER OF THE  
KINGDOM OF HELL,  
LAYS HELPLESS TO  
TONIA'S THIRST  
FOR POWER.

IN THE TIMELESS  
WORLD OF DEMONIC  
SORCERY, THE QUEEN  
OF WITCHCRAFT,  
TONIA CALLS FORTH  
HER UNHOLY COVEN.  
ANCIENT INCANTATIONS  
SPEW FROM HER  
COLD LIPS, ECHOING  
MADLY IN THE DAMP  
CHILL OF THE STONE  
CHAMBER.

# THE ALTAR OF BLOOD!



YOU DID  
**WELL** TO  
HEED MY  
WORDS.

YOUR  
OBEDIENT  
SERVICE  
WILL TRULY  
BE RE-  
WARDED!

THE GROTESQUE FIGURES OF TORTURED FLESH  
STAND SILENTLY BEFORE THEIR MISTRESS. ONLY  
THE RASP OF LABORED BREATHING DARES SLIP  
FROM THEIR PARCHED, TWISTED THROATS.

I HAVE CHOSEN  
**YOU** TO SERVE  
THE NEEDS OF  
THE NEW **RULER**  
OF **HELL!**

TONIA WILL SIT  
ON THE THRONE OF  
HADES, AND YOUR  
VILE BODIES WILL  
LIE AT MY FEET!



TONIA CALLS  
FORTH CINACK, ONE  
OF THE SAVAGE  
FIGURES. KNEELING  
BEFORE HIS MISTRESS,  
THE UGLY CREATURE  
HOLDS OUT A SWORD.  
ITS RAZOR-LIKE EDGE  
FLASHES IN THE  
EERIE CANDLELIGHT.

AND AS THE WORDS BURST  
FROM THE BEAUTIFUL DEMON'S  
LIPS, SHE WHIRLS INSANELY,  
HER BODY ABSORBING THE  
INTENSE ENERGY OF THE  
EVILNESS SURROUNDING HER.

SATAN'S  
POWERS WILL  
SOON BE MINE!  
BEFORE THE DAY IS  
DONE, **LUCIFER HIM-  
SELF** WILL **CRINGE**  
AT THE VERY  
SOUND OF MY  
VOICE!

HIS VOICE IS A  
PANTED WHISPER.

I HAVE DONE  
AS YOU COM-  
MANDED. THIS  
IS THE SWORD  
THAT HUNG  
ABOVE ALMIGHTY  
SATAN'S  
THRONE!

YOU HAVE  
SERVED ME  
WELL, CINACK  
AND YOUR  
REWARD WILL  
BE FITTING IN  
MY KINGDOM.  
THERE WILL BE  
NO SLAVE MORE  
**IMPORTANT**  
THAN **YOU!**

YOU WILL  
HOLD DOMINION  
OVER ALL  
SOULS IN THE  
VAST ABYSS  
OF **HELL.**





AS TONIA'S ICY GAZE SLICES INTO THE SOULS OF HER SLAVES, THE SORCERESS' PLEASURE TURNS TO INTENSE ANGER. HER WORDS STAB LIKE SHARP KNIVES.



WHY DO YOU CRAVEN WRETCHES NOT **REJOICE** IN YOUR MASTER'S SUPREME GLORY? **ANSWER ME**, OR YOU'LL FEEL THE **FULL FORCE** OF MY **POWERS!**

TONIA IS OUR MASTER. WE HAVE SERVED YOU WELL. BUT **SATAN** IS ALL-POWERFUL. HE **CANNOT BE DESTROYED!**



**FOOLS!** BRAINLESS ANIMALS! DID YOU THINK THAT **I** WOULD CHALLENGE **LUCIFER** WITHOUT VICTORY ASSURED? IS THAT HOW LITTLE YOU THINK OF YOUR **MISTRESS?**



TONIA'S CHAMBER PLUNGED, SUDDENLY, INTO THE FIRES OF HELL! SHE PROTECTS HERSELF IN MAGIC ROBES, BUT HEARS THE AGONIZING ROASTS OF HER OBEDIENT SUBJECTS, AS THEIR FLESH ROASTS IN THE ALL CONSUMING FLAMES OF SATAN.

BLASPHEMOUS WITCH! YOU **DARE** THREATEN THE **SUPREME RULER** OF **HADES?** WITH YOUR CHILDISH POWERS, YOU THINK YOURSELF A MATCH FOR **LUCIFER?**





YOUR TRICKS  
AMUSE ME, SATAN. MY  
CHAMBERS ARE SACRED.  
NOT EVEN YOU MAY PASS  
THE LINES OF FORCE  
THAT PROTECT MY  
LAIR!



YOU HAVE WON  
A SMALL VICTORY,  
TONIA. BUT IMPUDENCE  
HAS DOOMED YOU TO  
SPEND ETERNITY IN  
YOUR CHAMBERS. YOU  
MAY **NEVER** LEAVE.  
STEP OUT OF THIS  
PRISON, AND YOU  
DIE!



THOUGH **SHE** WAS SAVED FROM  
THE FIERY INFERNO, TONIA'S  
SLAVES ARE LITTLE MORE  
THAN CHARRED BONE. BUT  
THE WITCH'S POWERS ARE  
GREAT. SHE STANDS OVER THE  
REMAINS OF CINACK, AND  
SPEAKS.

THE OTHERS DESERVED  
TO DIE. ONLY **YOU** WERE  
FAITHFUL. ONLY **YOU**  
REMAINED MY **OBEDIENT**  
**SERVANT**. I SHALL  
RETURN LIFE TO  
YOUR LIMBS!

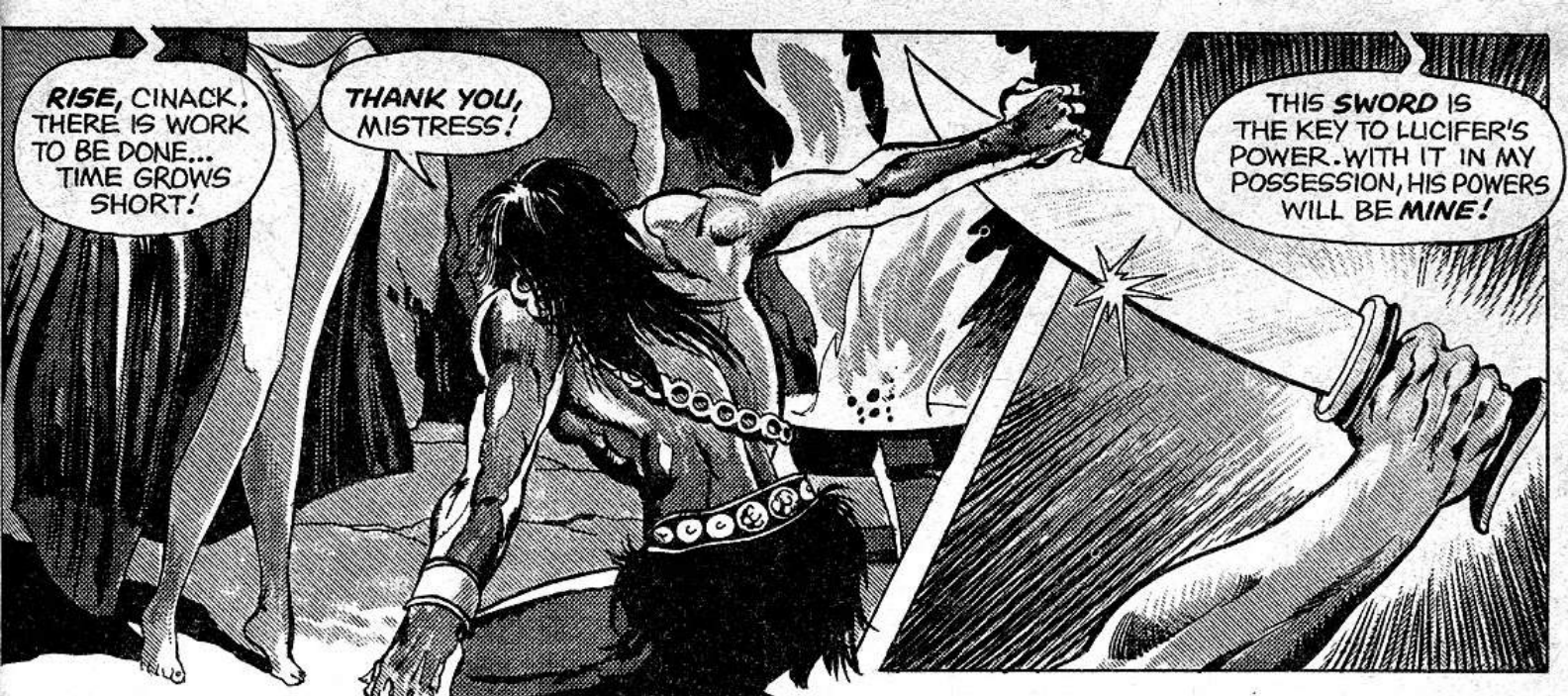
TELENO JURNIM  
BENDROE DOMOUS  
P...  
ALHAN!

AS THE ANCIENT WORDS ARE  
SPOKEN, A THICK CLOUD OF  
SMOKE DROPS UPON THE  
SMOLDERING ASHES...



FROM THE SMOKE ARISES CINACK!





RISE, CINACK.  
THERE IS WORK  
TO BE DONE...  
TIME GROWS  
SHORT!

THANK YOU,  
MISTRESS!

THIS SWORD IS  
THE KEY TO LUCIFER'S  
POWER. WITH IT IN MY  
POSSESSION, HIS POWERS  
WILL BE MINE!

TONIA LEADS THE BEASTLY CINACK TO A DARKENED CORNER OF THE CHAMBER. WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MORTALS, CINACK MOVES A SACRIFICIAL ALTAR THAT WAS HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS.

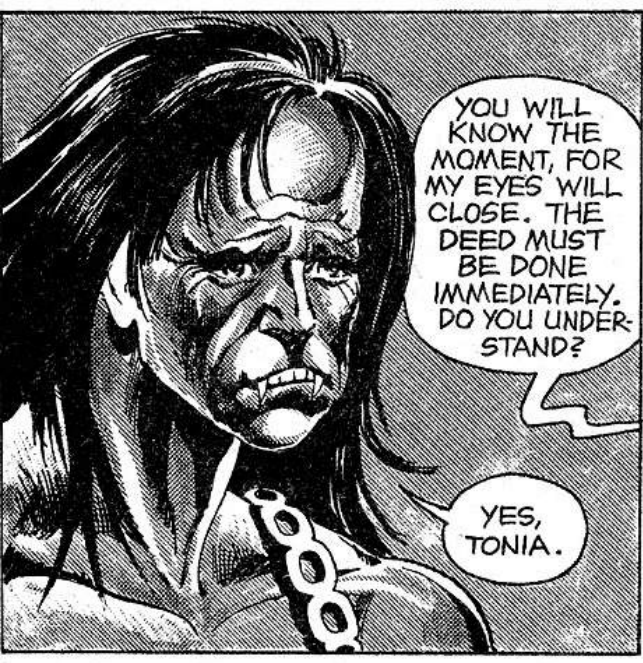


THE BASE OF  
THE ALTAR MUST  
BE **EXACTLY** IN THE  
CENTER OF THE  
PENTANGLE.

YES,  
MISTRESS!

THE TIME HAS ALMOST  
ARRIVED. TONIA READIES HER-  
SELF FOR THE SACRAMENT.

ONCE EVERY 5,000 YEARS,  
THE HEAVENLY BODIES MOVE  
INTO THE POSITION OF **RAYMORE**.  
AT THE **PRECISE MOMENT** OF  
**RAYMORE**, YOU MUST BRING THE  
SWORD OF LUCIFER DOWN  
ACROSS MY NECK.



YOU WILL  
KNOW THE  
MOMENT, FOR  
MY EYES WILL  
CLOSE. THE  
DEED MUST  
BE DONE  
IMMEDIATELY.  
DO YOU UNDER-  
STAND?


YES,  
TONIA.

INSIDE, CINACK FEELS HIMSELF ALIVE  
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THOUSANDS OF  
YEARS. AS HE WATCHES TONIA CLIMB INTO  
THE ALTAR, HIS FINGERS TIGHTEN AROUND  
THE SWORD'S HANDLE.



THERE ARE BUT SECONDS  
LEFT. I CAN FEEL THE  
COMING OF **RAYMORE**!  
**HURRY!**





THE MOMENT COMES, AND TONIA'S EYES CLOSE. SHE AWAITS THE COLD BLADE...THE BRUTAL BLOW THAT WILL GIVE HER THE THRONE OF HELL. THE MOMENT IS NOW, **YET THE BLADE DOES NOT FALL!**

A SPLIT SECOND PASSES AS CINACK ALLOWS HIS EYES TO TAKE IN THE BEAUTY OF HIS QUEEN.

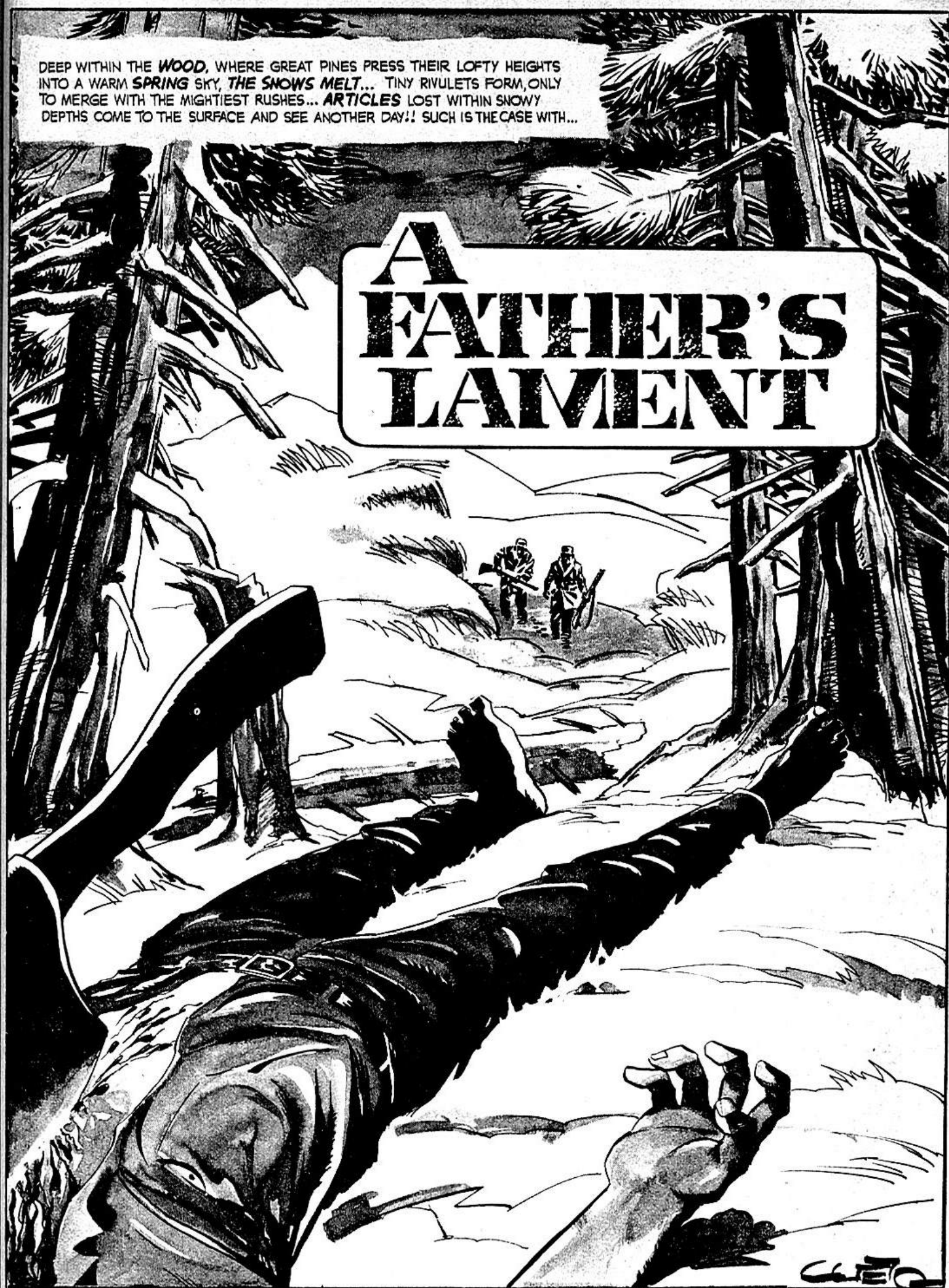
BUT CINACK MUST OBEY HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, AND THE SWORD PLUNGES DOWNWARD.

IN THE SPLIT-SECOND CINACK ALLOWED HIMSELF THAT ADORING LOOK, **RAYMORE** PASSED. A GODDESS? NAY...TONIA WILL BE BUT A LOST SOUL IN **HELL** FOR THE REST OF ETERNITY...



DEEP WITHIN THE **WOOD**, WHERE GREAT PINES PRESS THEIR LOFTY HEIGHTS INTO A WARM **SPRING** SKY, **THE SNOWS MELT...** TINY RIVULETS FORM, ONLY TO MERGE WITH THE MIGHTIEST RUSHES... **ARTICLES** LOST WITHIN SNOWY DEPTHS COME TO THE SURFACE AND SEE ANOTHER DAY!! SUCH IS THE CASE WITH...

# A FATHER'S LAMENT







SUDDENLY, A CRY RIPS THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE MORN....





SOON, BENEATH THE BOWERS OF GENTLY SWAYING PINE...

MY SON.....  
**WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?**



LET US MOVE FROM THIS  
SCENE OF VIOLENCE!



BE **CALM**, MY SON... I HAVE SEEN  
FAR WORSE SIGHTS ON THE  
BATTLEFIELD.

**WAIT!** WHAT'S  
THIS IN HIS  
POCKET?



**A JOURNAL!!** PERHAPS IT WILL  
PROVIDE US WITH A **CLUE** AS TO  
HOW THIS CAME TO BE!!

FATHER, LET US  
RETURN HOME,  
**PLEASE?!**

**LATER!**  
FIRST WE  
**READ!!**



A DISTANCE FROM THE GRISLY TABLEAU, THAT SIGHT  
DESTINED TO ROT IN THE GROWING HEAT OF DAY...

SOME OF THE PAGES HAVE  
BEEN **WATER-STRUCK**,  
BUT I THINK WE CAN  
PIECE THE STORY  
TOGETHER!

YES...  
**LISTEN TO THIS!**

"FOR  
ENDLESS  
MONTHS..."



"FOR **ENDLESS** MONTHS I HAVE TRACKED **HIM**... EVER PASSING IN **HIS WAKE** OF **DEATH** AND **DESTRUCTION!!** **HE**, THE **PRIME-MOVER** IN **GROTESQUE SYNDROME** THAT HAS GUIDED MY LIFE TO THE **PITS** OF **DEPRESSION**... NEARER, EVER NEARER TO THE **BRINK** OF **INSANITY!** **PRAY GOD I SHALL NOT FALL BEFORE MY TASK IS COMPLETED!!!!**

OH LORD, ERASE THE IMAGE I SAW THAT FATEFUL DAY!



NNOOO!!! MY GOD,  
**HE'S GOTTEN  
LOOSE!!**

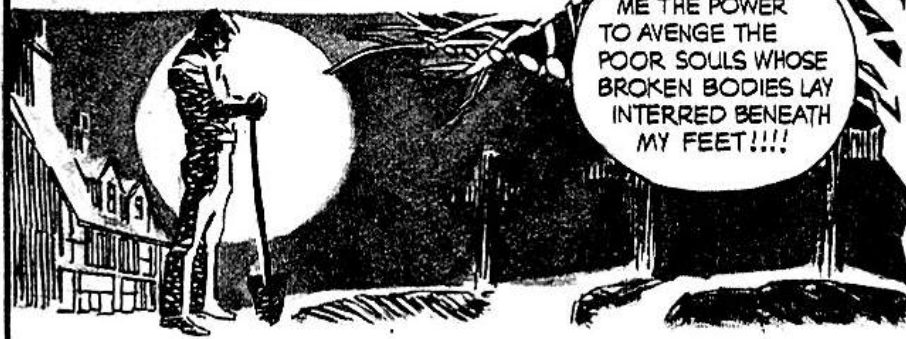
MY FAMILY... LEFT IN A ROOM AKIN TO THE **SLAUGHTER HOUSE**, WHERE **FATTED PIGS** MEET THEIR **DEMISE**... SUCH WAS THE SIGHT OF MY HOME!!!



**THESE THOUGHTS SHALL  
I BEAR TO THE GRAVE!!!**

INSTANT PURSUIT FAILED ME, FOR I LACKED THE NEEDED WEAPON... I KNEW THE CREATURE I WOULD HAVE TO FACE WAS OF A SORT NO MOTHER EVER NURSED!

GRANT  
ME THE POWER  
TO AVENGE THE  
POOR SOULS WHOSE  
BROKEN BODIES LAY  
INTERRED BENEATH  
MY FEET!!!!



WITH THE RISING SUN, I BEGAN MY QUEST...  
**THIS MOST PERSONAL OF CRUSADES!!**

THAT NIGHT, THE WANING STARS WATCHED AS I PREPARED THE METAL AND FASHIONED THE BLADE!! **A MIGHTY BLADE**... CREATED FROM AN IMAGE OF THE **ALMIGHTY**... TEMPERED BY GRIM DETERMINATION... **NEVER TO BE SHEATHED UNTIL VENGEANCE AND JUSTICE WERE MINE!!!**







WHAT IS  
THE MATTER,  
FATHER?

ACH, THE  
PAGES ARE  
WATER SOAKED...  
THE INK HAS RUN!  
PERHAPS WE CAN  
MAKE OUT THE  
LAST ENTRY

AHH YES,  
HERE IT  
IS!!

... THE TRACKS BROKE FROM THE  
FOREST AND I FOLLOWED...

I AM CLOSE...  
THE TIME IS AT  
HAND!!

...CLOSER... **EVER CLOSER...** BLOOD  
POUNDED IN MY EARS, AS IF THE FLAME  
OF VENGEANCE WOULD CONSUME MY  
BODY BEFORE THE GOAL WAS REACHED!!  
**SUDDENLY...**

IT'S  
**HIM!!!**

BY HIS OWN DEMONIC INTENTION HE HAD  
AWAITED MY COMING... **WAITING TO  
RENDER LIFELESS THIS MAN  
WHO HAD DOGGED HIS TRAIL FOR  
SO LONG.**

AS IF MOVED BY AN OUTSIDE FORCE, MY  
HAND GRASPED FOR THE SACRED  
WEAPON!!!

AS HE CHARGED, HELL-FURY FLARING IN  
THOSE ANIMAL SOCKETS...

FLY DEATH  
THROUGH THAT  
MALICIOUS  
SOUL!!





DRAWING A SCREAM THAT WILL RING FOREVER IN MY DREAMS, THE BLADE CLEAVED HIS BREAST AND SPLIT THE HEART THAT WAS MINE IN HIS YOUTH!

HE DIED... AN OBSESSION DIED! UNDER THE SNOWS I BURIED HIM... THOUGH NOW OF DIFFERENT VISAGE, STILL **MY SON!!!!**"

AAA... GGG... HHH...!!!

MEIN GOTT... HE KILLED HIS OWN SON!! INDEED, IT IS A HEAVY BURDEN HE MUST NOW BEAR!!

FATHER, WHAT SORT OF A MAN WOULD KILL HIS SON??

LATER... FIRST WE MUST TEND TO THE BODY!!

WHY DID HE HAVE TO FASHION A SPECIAL WEAPON??

I DO NOT KNOW! COME, WE WILL TAKE A LOOK!!

SOON, AS TWO STARTLED FIGURES STARE IN WONDERMENT...

T-THE BLADE... IT IS SILVER!!!

SILVER??!

IT WILL BRING A GOOD PRICE!!



NOOO, FATHER! LEAVE IT ALONE! IT MY HAVE A CURSE ON IT!

A CURSE?  
IS MY SON  
**ALSO**  
MAD??

BESIDES,  
THE DEAD  
HAVE NO USE  
FOR SUCH  
WEALTH!



THERE!



COME, LET US RETURN HOME!

AREN'T WE  
EVEN GOING TO BURY  
HIM??!

LATER! FIRST LET  
US SHOW YOUR MOTHER  
OUR **TREASURE!**

A TREASURE INDEED. BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT **BEASTS LURK** WITHIN WEALTH... WAITING PATIENTLY TO BE RELEASED WHEN THAT WHICH BROUGHT **SANCTITY** AND **PEACE** HAS BEEN **REMOVED?!**







A CREATURE BORN OF A NETHER WORLD AWAKENS...  
INCARNATE UNHOLINESS... MORE LUPINE THAN HUMAN...  
HE LIVES AGAIN WITHIN THE EMBRACE OF EVIL, EVER  
STALKING HIS PREY, EVER PROBING THE AIR FOR THE  
SCENT OF MAN!



WHAT SORT  
OF FATHER WOULD  
KILL HIS OWN FLESH?  
WHAT SON WOULD  
KILL HIS OWN  
FAMILY?!

THERE IS MUCH IN  
THIS WORLD FOR WHICH  
I LACK THE PROPER  
ANSWERS, MY SON...

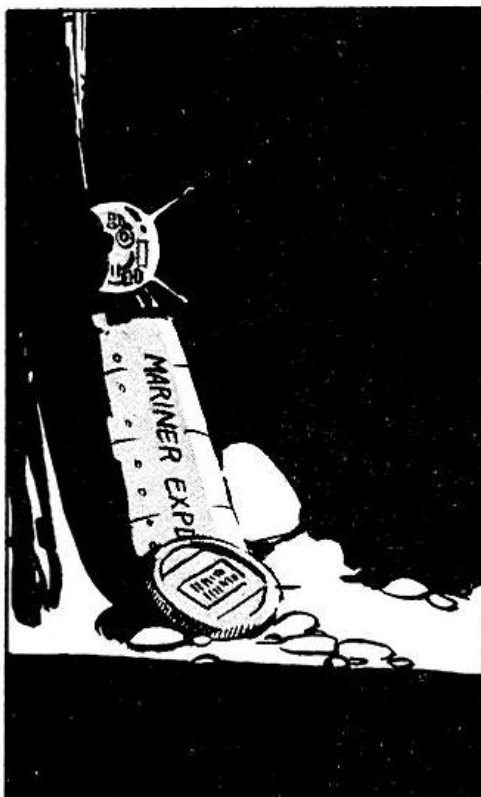
... CONSIDER  
IT AN EDUCATION  
IN THE **GRIM**  
**REALITIES**  
OF LIFE!!

THE **THIRD** WORLD WAR SPANNED A MERE **4 HOURS** AND ENDED **MAN'S** EXISTENCE AS A DOMINANT **SPECIES!** SUPERSTITION REPLACED SCIENCE AS **MAN** DESCENDED TO A **PRIMITIVE** TRIBAL STATE! FLEEING FROM A MAMMOTH NORTHERN **GLACIER**, ONE OF THE LAST TRIBES IS DISMAYED AT FINDING **ANOTHER** MOVING UP FROM THE **SOUTH!**



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS PITIFUL, MOTLEY BUNCH IS THAT THEY BEAR **MAN'S** LAST...

# ARTIFACTS




WITHIN THE DARK RECESS WERE PLACED THE **SACRED** ARTICLES! A PIECE OF A "MARINER" SHIELDING PLATE, A **BEACON** WITH AN **ISOTOPE ENERGY** SOURCE, AND A FLAT METAL CAN WERE CAREFULLY INTERRED IN THE SILENT CAVE!



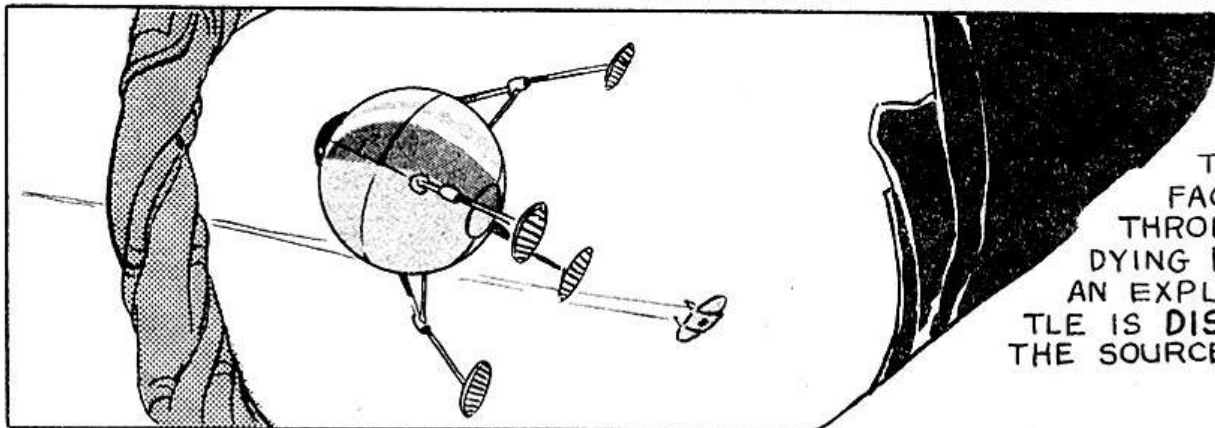
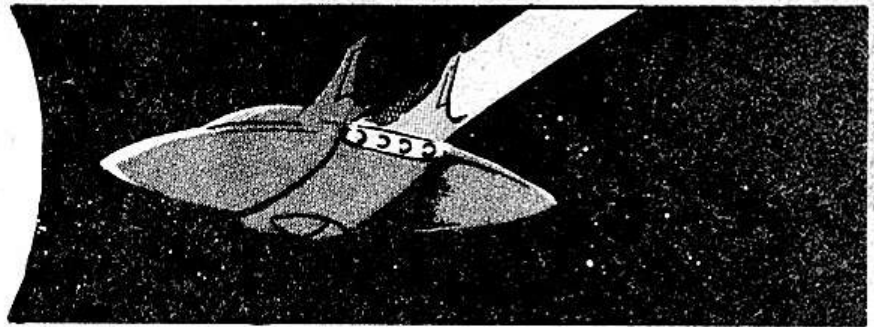
THE CAVE SEALED, **MAN** LEFT TO MEET HIS **FINAL DESTINY!**





THE CRUST OF THE PLANET EARTH WAS SHEATHED IN ICE AS THE GLACIERS SCoured THE POISONED LAND! **HOWEVER**, THE MONSTROUS ICE FLOES COULD NOT DESTROY THE MOUNTAIN NOR ITS PRECIOUS CONTENTS!

AFTER A FEW CENTURIES AS THE ICE RETREATED TOWARD THE POLES, AN INTERPLANETARY CRAFT LIFTS FROM THE SHROUDED FACE OF VENUS AND RACES TOWARD EARTH!

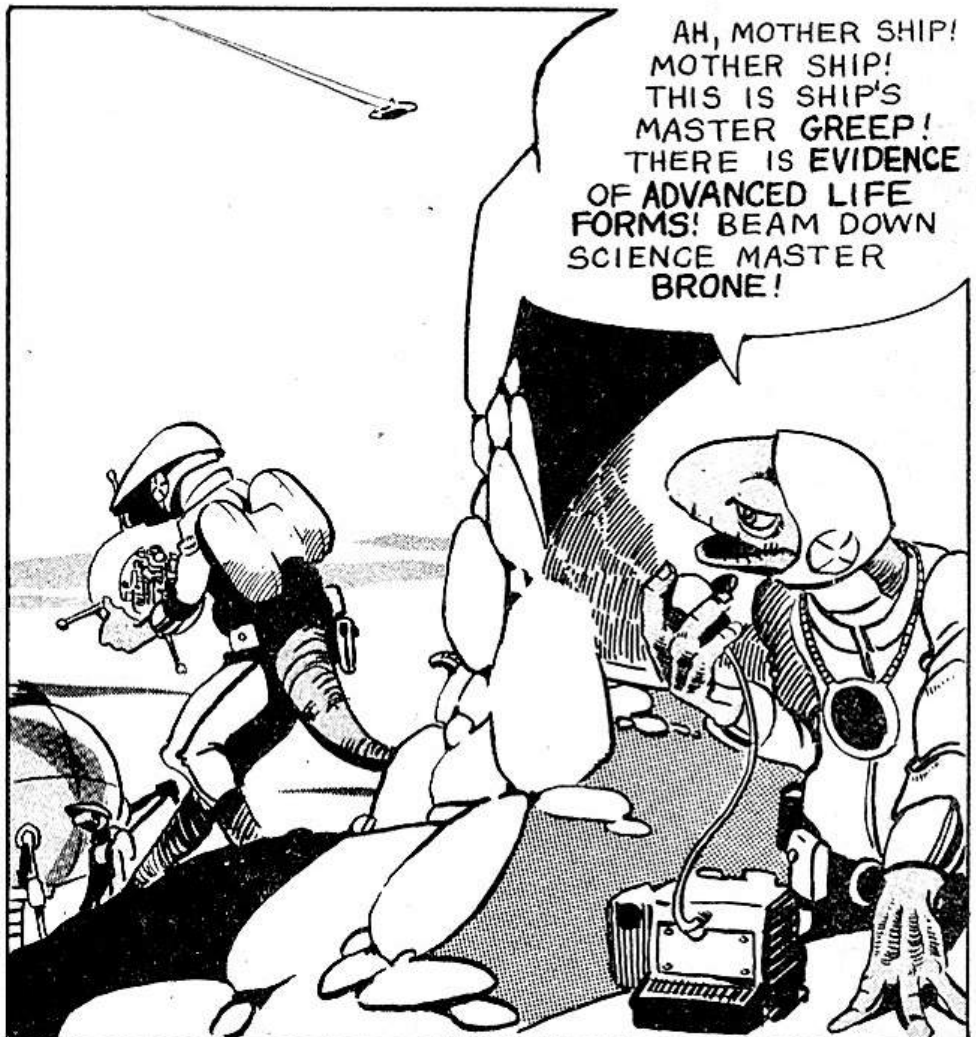


SENSORS SCAN THE EMPTY SURFACE; THE FAINT THROBBING OF THE DYING ISOTOPE! AN EXPLORATORY SHUTTLE IS DISPATCHED TO THE SOURCE!

WHAT EMERGED FROM THE CRAFT WERE NOT EXACTLY HUMAN...



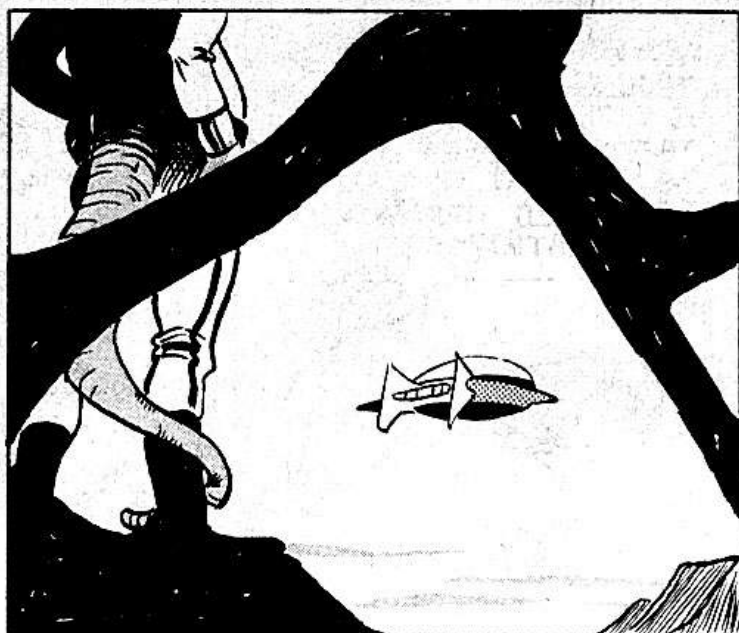
AH, MOTHER SHIP! MOTHER SHIP! THIS IS SHIP'S MASTER GREEP! THERE IS EVIDENCE OF ADVANCED LIFE FORMS! BEAM DOWN SCIENCE MASTER BRONE!





AH! BRONE! YOU AND YOUR TEAM WILL TRY TO FATHOM THE PURPOSE OF THESE!

HMM, THIS WILL BE A CHALLENGE!

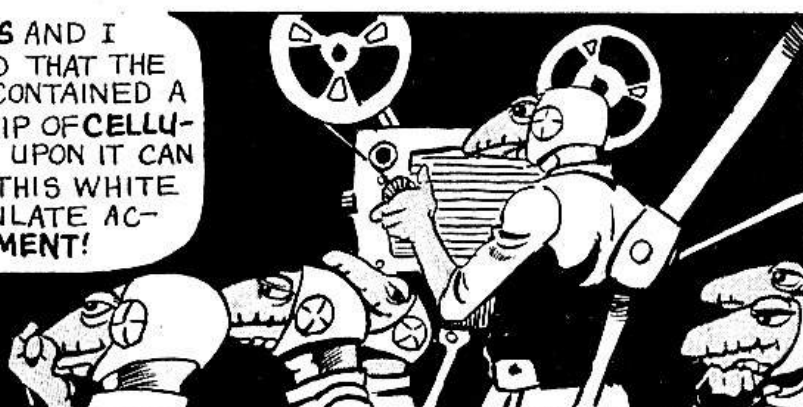


GREEP, MEANWHILE, SENT OUT FLITTERS TO SCOUT THE AREA, BUT SADLY, NOTHING MORE TURNED UP!

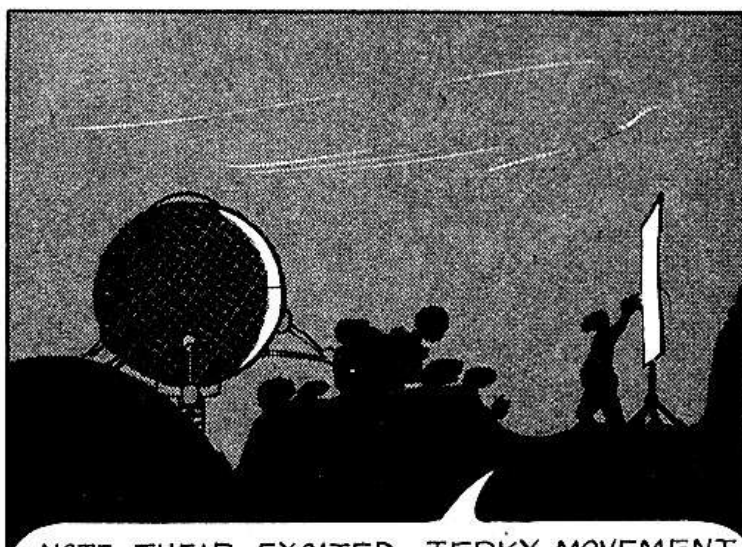
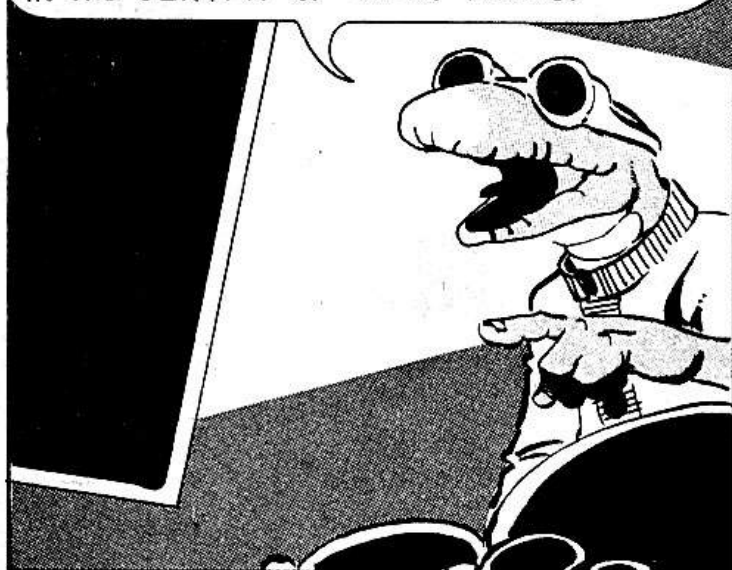
NINE DAWNS CAME AND WENT BEFORE AN IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGH CAME ABOUT! A SHIP'S ASSEMBLY WAS CALLED FOR A BRIEFING!



MY NOODLE BOYS AND I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE METAL CONTAINER CONTAINED A MOST IMPORTANT STRIP OF CELLULOID! THE GRAPHICS UPON IT CAN BE PROJECTED ON THIS WHITE SCREEN AND SIMULATE ACTUAL MOVEMENT!



OKAY, TECH GOTO, START YOUR MACHINE! OBSERVE THAT THE INTELLIGENCES THAT FLOURISHED HERE WERE HUMANOID WITH CLOSE-SET EYES AND A REPULSIVE KNOB IN THE CENTER OF THEIR FACES!



NOTE THEIR EXCITED, JERKY MOVEMENT AS THEY RUSH TO AND FRO! THEIR PRE-DOMINANT MEANS OF TRAVEL SEEMS TO BE A METAL CONTAINER WITH FOUR WHEELS! THEIR SPEEDS CREATED MANY IMPRESSIVE COLLISIONS!



ATTEND TO THE FACT THAT  
THOUGH THEY WERE ADVAN-  
CED TECHNOLOGICALLY,  
THERE IS NO EVIDENCE  
AS TO WHAT ACTUALLY E-  
RADICATED THIS AMAZING  
CIVILIZATION!



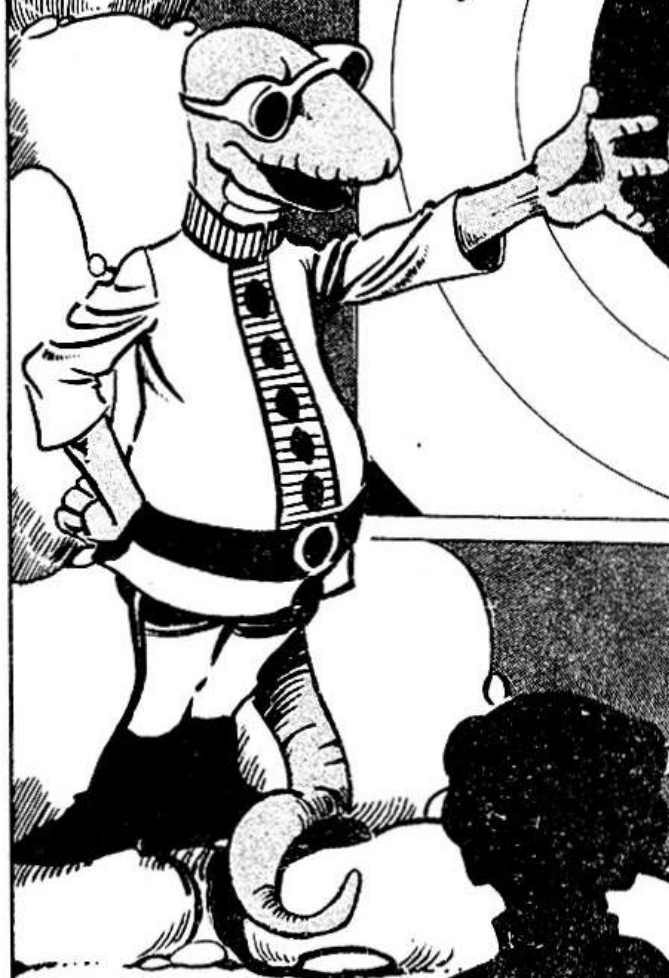
THE ANSWER LIES IN UNDER-  
STANDING THE PSYCHOLO-  
GY OF THIS SPECIES! SEE  
HOW THEY STRIKE ONE  
ANOTHER IN A VIOLENT MAN-  
NER YET SEEM NOT TO SUFFER  
FOR IT!

I HAVE STOPPED THE  
PROJECTION ON THIS FI-  
NAL IMAGE! THE STRANGE  
GRIMMACE ON HIS FACE  
IS OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO  
COMMUNICATE! STUDY HIS  
FACE AND WHAT HE'S TRYING  
TO TELL US! FOR, THEN AND  
ONLY THEN...



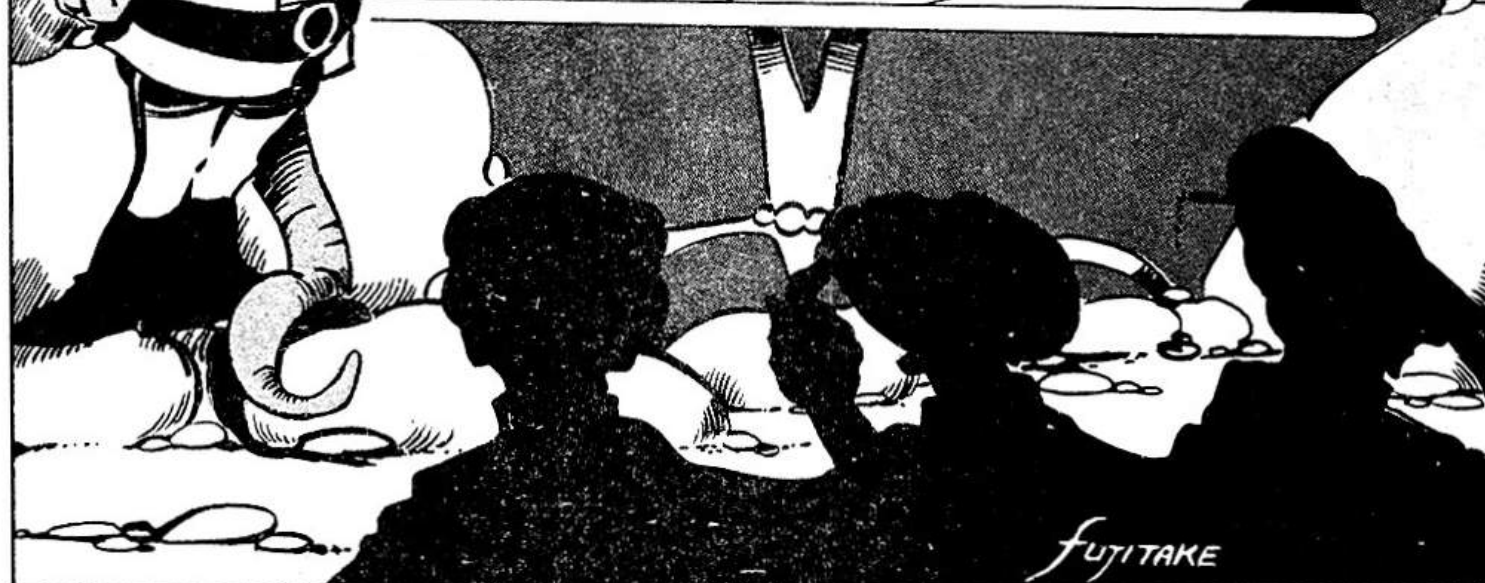
... WILL WE UNDER-  
STAND THE PSYCHOLO-  
GY BEHIND THE PEOPLE  
WHO LEFT US THIS  
ARTIFACT!

A WARNER  
BROS. PRODUCTION



TECHNICOLOR

THE END

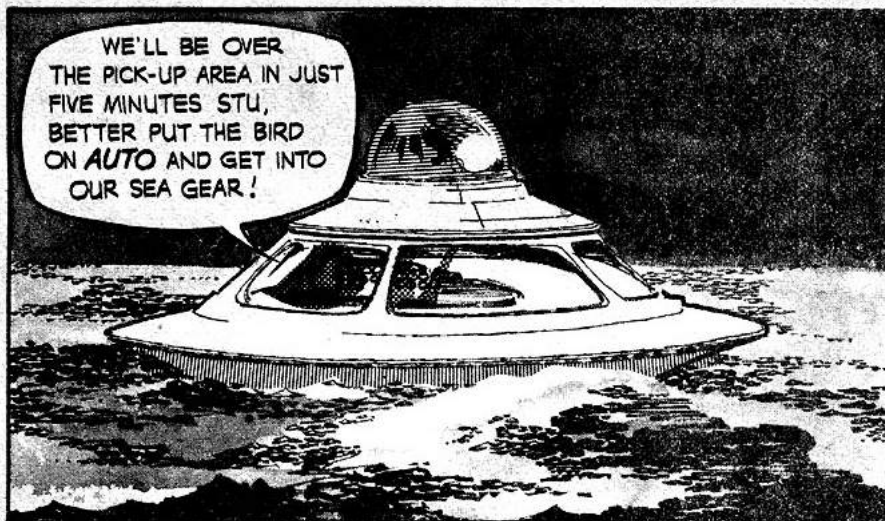


FUTITAKE

COME INTO **TOMORROW**, WHERE TIME HAS A WAY OF TELLING ITS OWN GROTESQUE TALES-WE WILL INTRODUCE WONDERS YOU MIGHT NEVER HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SEE; NAMELESS STALKING FEARS YOU WOULD NEVER WANT TO SEE! READ ON... SHAKE HANDS WITH...

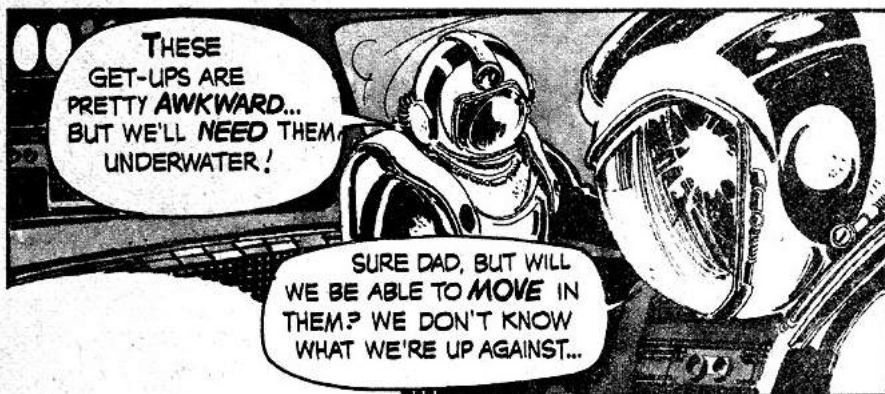
# THE ESSENTIAL HORROR

THAT IS NOT DEAD WHICH CAN ETERNAL LIE, AND WITH STRANGE AEONS EVEN DEATH MAY DIE: H.P. LOVECRAFT - **THE NAMELESS CITY**



WE'LL BE OVER THE PICK-UP AREA IN JUST FIVE MINUTES STU, BETTER PUT THE BIRD ON **AUTO** AND GET INTO OUR SEA GEAR!

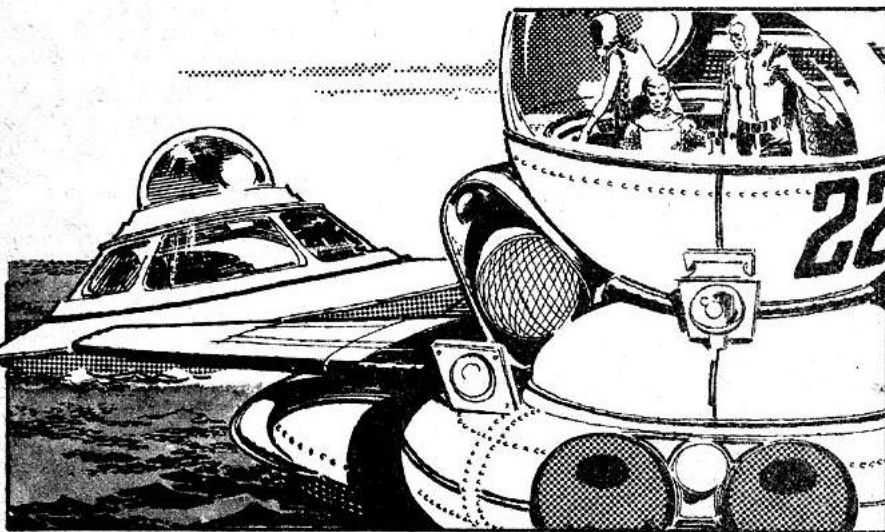
IT IS THE YEAR 2056 AND A SMOOTH, SLEEK-FLYING SEACRAFT GLIDES QUICKLY OVER THE WATERS OF THE PACIFIC!



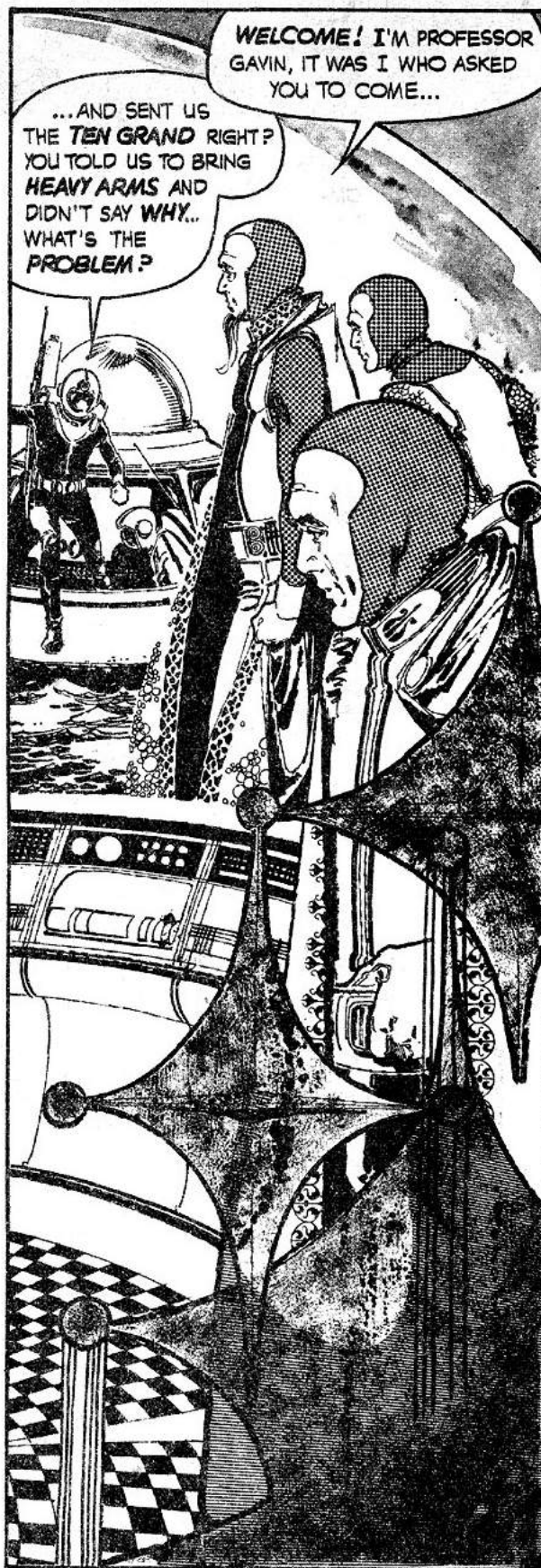
THESE GET-UPS ARE PRETTY **AWKWARD**... BUT WE'LL **NEED** THEM UNDERWATER!

SURE DAD, BUT WILL WE BE ABLE TO **MOVE** IN THEM? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST...

INSIDE THE SILENT SPEEDING MACHINE, TWO MEN DON **COSTUMES** IN ANTICIPATION OF THE JOB THAT AWAITS THEM!



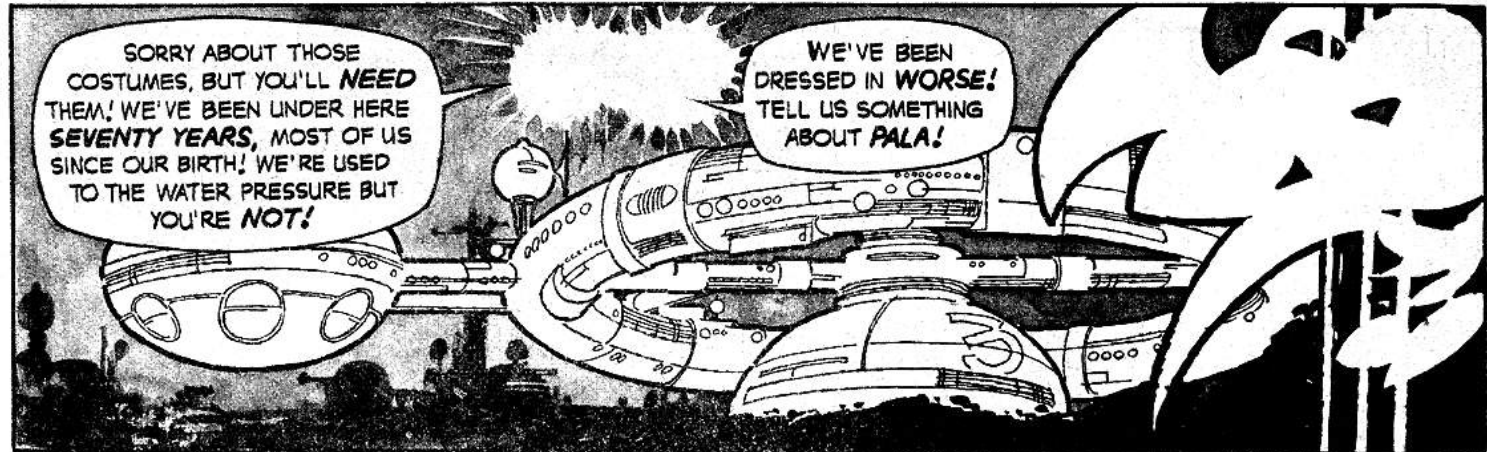
THE MEN ARE **MERCENARIES**... HUNTERS FOR HIRE... SELLING THEIR **WITS** TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER! FATHER AND SON... CALLED TO VISIT **UNDERSEA PALA** TO DO BATTLE WITH THE **UNNAMABLE**!



**WELCOME!** I'M PROFESSOR GAVIN, IT WAS I WHO ASKED YOU TO COME...

...AND SENT US THE **TEN GRAND** RIGHT? YOU TOLD US TO BRING **HEAVY ARMS** AND DIDN'T SAY **WHY**... WHAT'S THE **PROBLEM?**





SORRY ABOUT THOSE COSTUMES, BUT YOU'LL **NEED** THEM! WE'VE BEEN UNDER HERE **SEVENTY YEARS**, MOST OF US SINCE OUR BIRTH! WE'RE USED TO THE WATER PRESSURE BUT YOU'RE **NOT**!

WE'VE BEEN DRESSED IN **WORSE**! TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT **PALA**!

IN THE 1980'S OUR **FOREFATHERS** BUILT THIS COMPLEX TO ESCAPE THE **DOOM** THAT WAS BEFALLING MANKIND! WAR, OVERPOPULATION... POLLUTION.

IN THOSE DAYS NO ONE **CARED**... THEY KNEW, BUT THEY **DIDN'T CARE**!

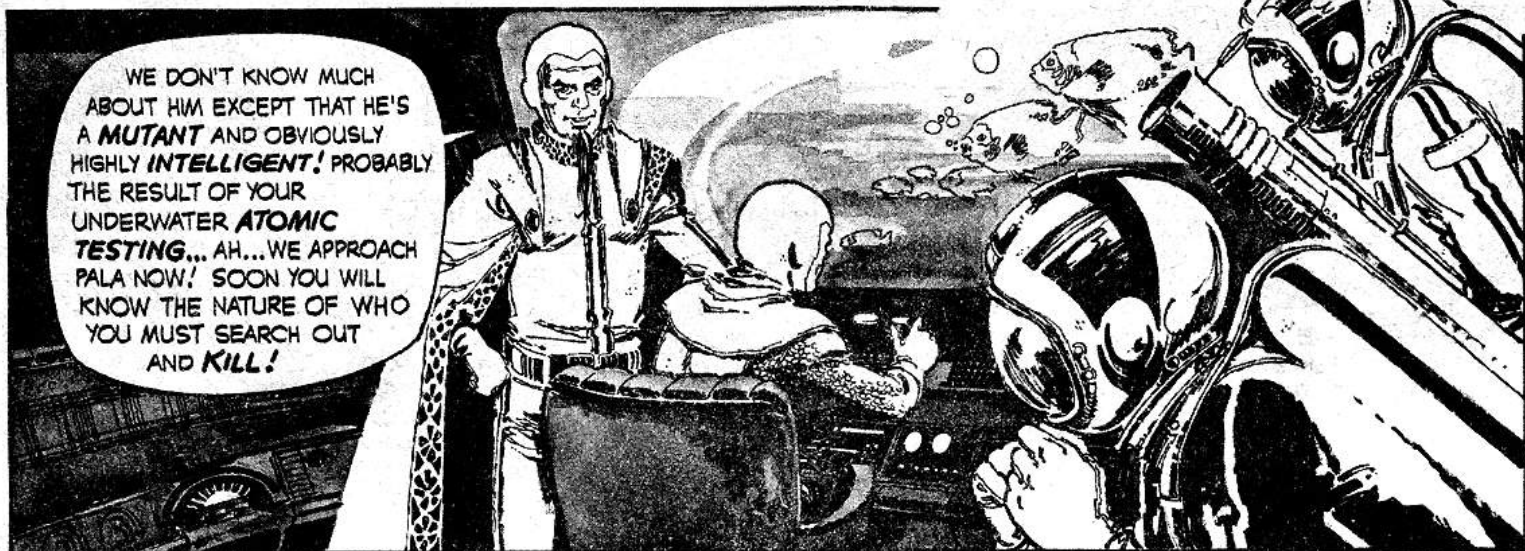
BUT WHY DON'T YOU PERMIT SURFACE VISITORS?

**WHY?** WHY SHOULD WE? MAN STILL HAS **WAR**, HE STILL HAS RACE PROBLEMS AND POLLUTION... WHY SHOULD WE **INVITE TROUBLE**? WE DON'T **HAVE** THOSE PROBLEMS!

BUT WE **DO** HAVE PROBLEMS... WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE HERE! THOSE ARE OUR **GUARD STATIONS**! THEY REPORT ALL **UNUSUAL** ACTIVITIES IN THE AREA... SUCH AS SUBS AND OLD SEA MINES THAT THREATEN **PALA**!

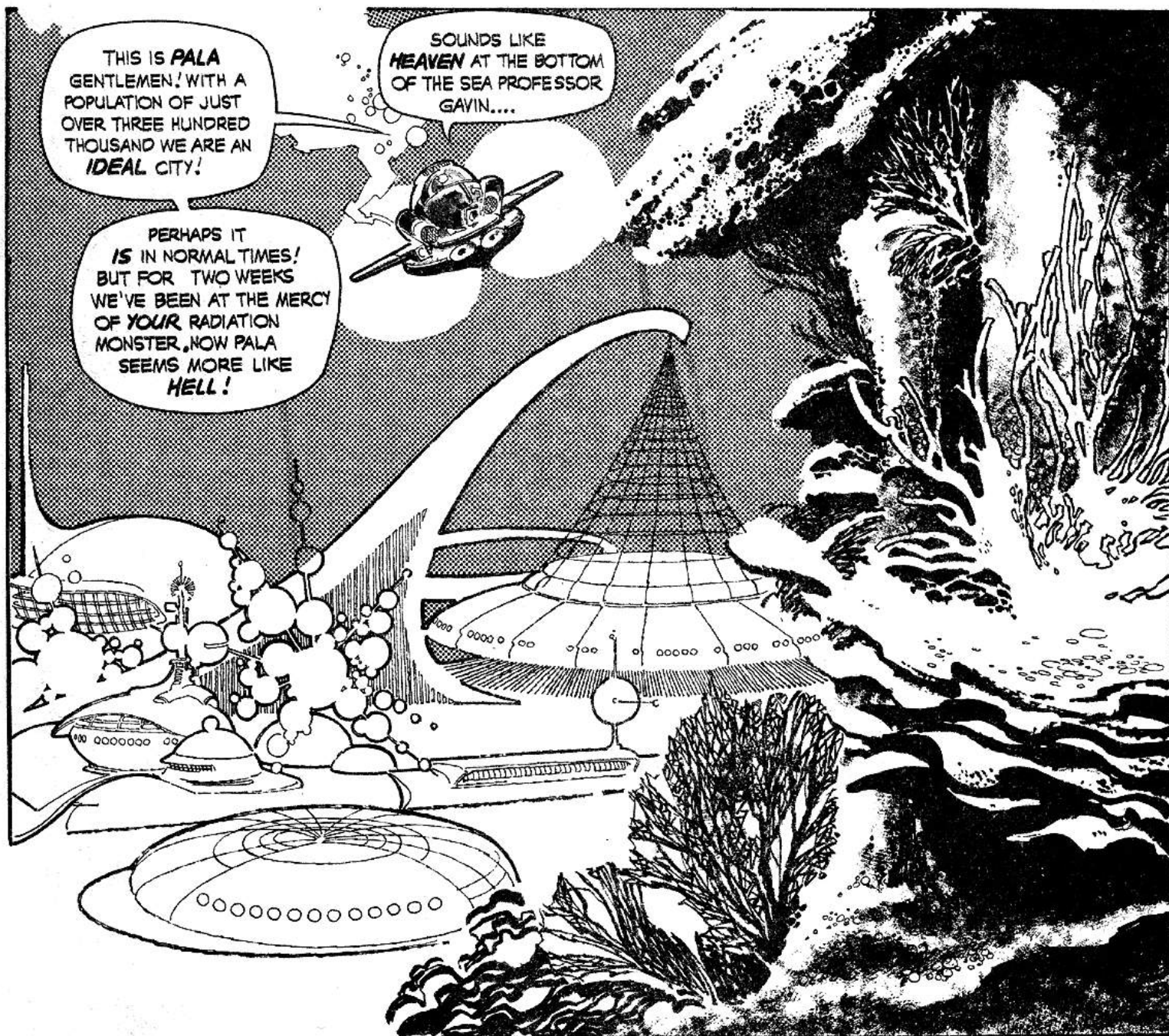
TWO WEEKS AGO THEY WARNED OF A **MONSTER** THAT STALKED THE AREA! A MONSTROUS **MUTANT SQUID** WITH A HIGHLY DEVELOPED INTELLECT! **SOMEHOW**, IT ENTERED THE CITY AND HAS SINCE CREATED PURE **HAVOC**! WE DON'T HAVE THE WEAPONS TO **CONQUER** THE BEAST!

A GIANT OMNIPRESENT **SHADOW** LOOM FEARFULLY LIKE A SILENT THREAT OF **DOOM** OVER THE TINY SUBMARINE AS IT DESCENDS INTO THE BLACKNESS OF A THOUSAND LEAGUES! THE PROFESSOR'S ANGUISHED WORDS ARE CARRIED BY THE WAVES, AND IN **PALA** MIGHT BE HEARD BY HE WHO...AWAITS...



WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIM EXCEPT THAT HE'S A **MUTANT** AND OBVIOUSLY HIGHLY **INTELLIGENT**! PROBABLY THE RESULT OF YOUR UNDERWATER **ATOMIC TESTING**... AH... WE APPROACH **PALA** NOW! SOON YOU WILL KNOW THE NATURE OF WHO YOU MUST SEARCH OUT AND **KILL**!

**PALA**... LIKE AN UNDERSEA **ISLAND** RESTING ON THE OCEAN'S BED! NOW THE SHROUD OF MAN'S EVIL GRIPS THE CITY IN A VICE OF TERROR, FOR SOMEWHERE DWELLS A BEAST OF SATAN... WAITING... WATCHING THROUGH BLOOD MATTED EYES... **THE ESSENTIAL HORROR!**



THIS IS **PALA** GENTLEMEN! WITH A POPULATION OF JUST OVER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND WE ARE AN **IDEAL CITY!**

SOUNDS LIKE **HEAVEN** AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA PROFESSOR GAVIN....

PERHAPS IT **IS** IN NORMAL TIMES! BUT FOR TWO WEEKS WE'VE BEEN AT THE MERCY OF **YOUR** RADIATION MONSTER, NOW **PALA** SEEMS MORE LIKE **HELL!**



THIS IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE, AND EXIT, TO PALA, THE SQUID BEAST **HAD** TO COME THROUGH HERE ... ALTHOUGH WE REALLY DON'T KNOW **HOW!**

HE MIGHT HAVE PASSED THROUGH BY HOLDING ONTO THE UNDERBELLY OF ONE OF OUR SUBS... HE WAS MUCH **SMALLER** THEN! BUT THE WEIRDEST THING IS THAT HE CAN BREATHE NORMAL **AIR**... SQUIDS CAN'T BREATHE AIR!

RIGHT BOY, THAT ... AND HIS **GROWTH RATE!** HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A FEW FEET IN DIAMETER THEN! NOW HE'S **ONE HUNDRED!**

LOOK AT ALL THAT WRECKAGE DAD... ALL CAUSED BY ONE **DEMON!**

WHERE WILL WE FIND HIM PROFESSOR?

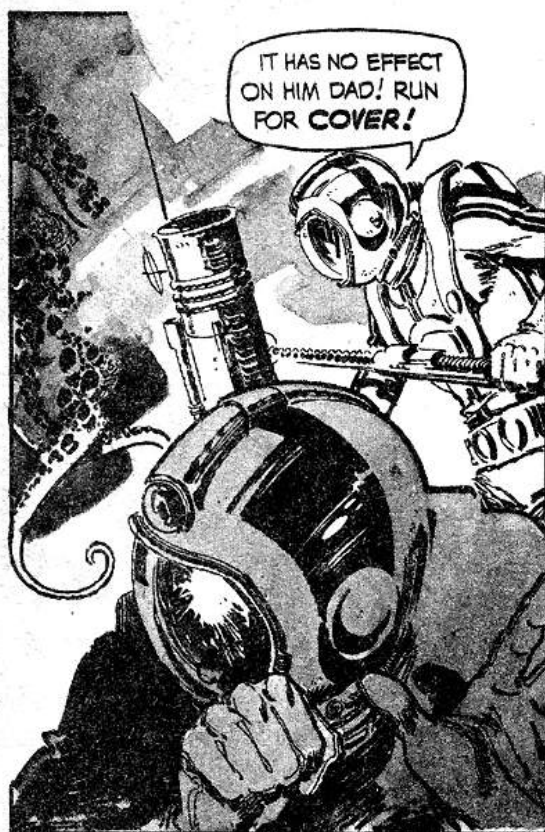
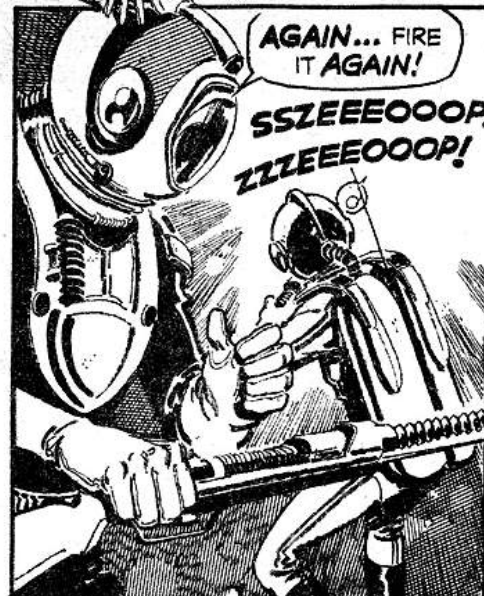
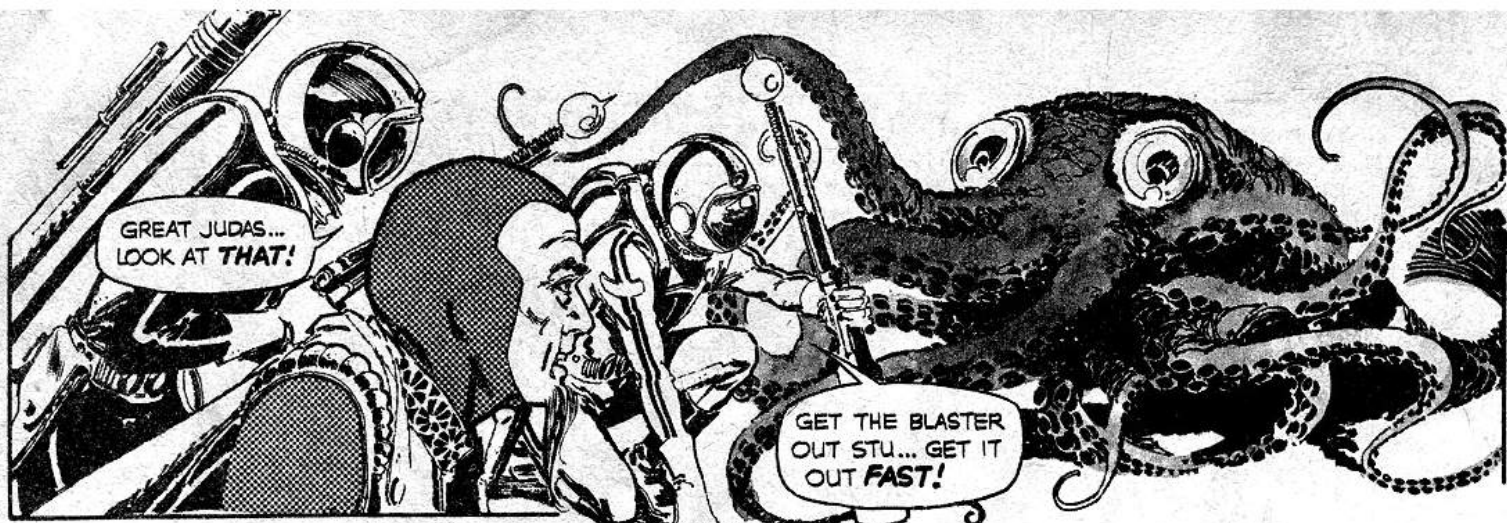
WHICH IS WHAT PUT YOU ONTO THE FACT THAT HE WAS A **MUTANT**, RIGHT PROFESSOR?

BEFORE THEM WAS A WORLD OF **BOUNDLESS BEAUTY!** YET, WHERE ONCE BREATHED HAPPINESS- NOW BREATHES LEPROUS **DESPAIR!**

AT THE LABYRINTH, PROBABLY, A CHILDREN'S PARK NOT FAR FROM HERE ...

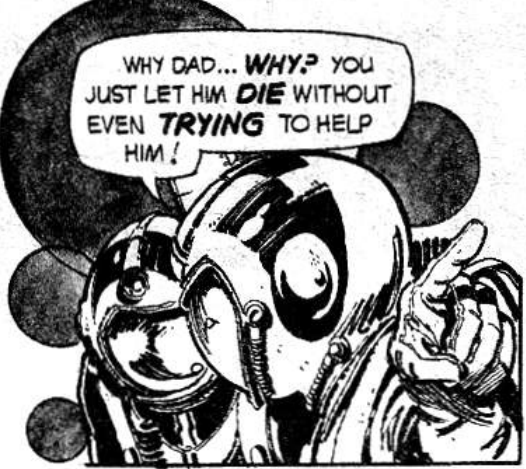
**DEATH...** LOOK AT THOSE **CHILDREN...** BATTERED BEYOND RECOGNITION-LIMBS IN **SHREDS**-ONLY AN **UNGODLY FIEND** WOULD DO SUCH A VILE THING!

IN THE **TOMB** THAT WAS ONCE A PARK FOR CHILDREN HIDES A **MONSTER**, UNHEARD, UNSUSPECTED-HIDEOUSLY HUNCHED BEHIND A MAMMOTH MOUND OF ROCK-WHERE IT AWAITS WITH **GROTESQUE GLEE** THE ARRIVAL OF HIS AVENGING **HUNTERS!**




FOR MERCENARIES, THERE IS NOT THE EMOTION OF LOYALTY OR FRIENDSHIP. THERE IS ONLY *MONEY*, AS THE NOW LIFELESS CORPSE OF THE PROFESSOR WOULD SOLEMNLY *ATTEST*.

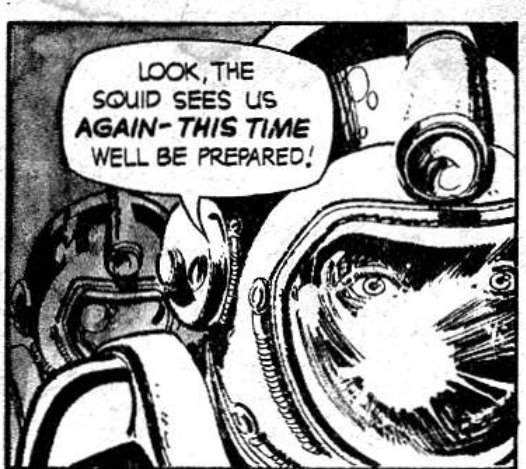




WHY DAD... **WHY?** YOU JUST LET HIM **DIE** WITHOUT EVEN **TRYING** TO HELP HIM!



WE HAD NO **CHOICE** SON... THE STUN GUNS WEREN'T **POWERFUL** ENOUGH... HE WAS ALREADY **CAUGHT**... WE WOULD'VE BEEN **KILLED** TOO!




LOOK, THE SQUID SEES US **AGAIN**- THIS TIME WE'LL BE **PREPARED**!

THE INSANE MADNESS OF MONEY STALKS THE MIND OF THE TRAINED HUNTER!



GET THE ZOOKA RAY PACK OFF MY BACK... IT CAN FLATTEN A **CITY**!



BZZZOOOOOTTT!

THE PROJECTILE **MISSSES** ITS MARK; THE DEMON BEAST SLITHERS FORWARD, GRASPING AND CLUTCHING AT THE EARTH AND LIFELESS CADAVERS THAT LITTER ITS BLOODY PATH! A **LIVE LIMB** IS PULLED AND CLAWED LIKE INSIGNIFICANT **GARBAGE** INTO THE BOWELS OF THIS AWESOME CREATURE ... AND THE SON PLEADS WITH HIS FATHER FOR HIS LIFE!



STU... LOOK OUT... YOUR **LEG**...

THE GUN IS... **STUCK**... I CAN'T LOAD IT IN TIME! HOLD ON SON... **HOLD ON!**

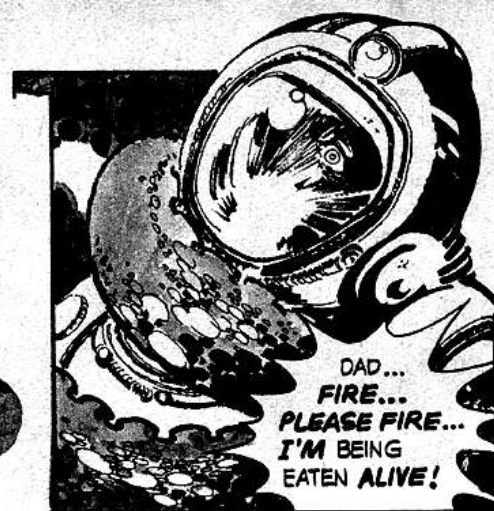
I'M CAUGHT... FIRE AGAIN DAD... FIRE **NOW**...

**HURRY**... PROP IT OVER YOUR ARM WHILE I **AIM** ... WE'VE ONLY GOT **TWO** SHOTS WITH THIS THING! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO **MISS**! **FIRE!**



DAD... IN  
GOD'S NAME...  
HELP ME!

OH GOD NO... NOT  
MY SON... NOT MY SON!  
THE **BLASTED** GUN  
IS STUCK!



DAD...  
**FIRE...**  
**PLEASE FIRE...**  
I'M BEING  
EATEN ALIVE!

THE SICKNESS THAT IS **FEAR** FILLS THE KILLER'S HEART,  
FOR HE IS NOT NOW THE KILLER, BUT THE HUNTED... THE **VICTIM**... WHO STRUGGLES AGAINST  
POWER UNIMAGINABLE, THERE IS STILL

**TIME** FOR TABLES TO **TURN**... STILL  
MOMENTS OF PRECIOUS LIFE THAT  
CANNOT BE WASTED FOR THE **LIFE**  
OF A **SON**!



GOD GUIDE  
MY **AIM**... I  
CAN'T FAIL... MY  
SON IS  
**DYING**!

LATER...



HERE'S THE REST OF YOUR  
MONEY, AS **PROMISED**! YOU'VE  
DONE YOUR JOB WELL ... BUT YOU  
MUST **LEAVE** US NOW... AS YOU  
PROMISED... YOU **KNOW** WHY!



